THE CHRISTIAN GENTLEMAN

WILLIAM H. RIDGWAY

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-1945.
The Christian gentleman

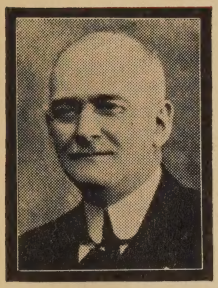
149. CARL MARR. GOSSIP. THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

See Chapter XII — Which "Spinster" would you pick for "Betsy"?

To the distinguished character of GENTLEMAN it should be our highest glory to add the more distinguished character of CHRISTIAN.— (G. W.) Page 18.

* * * *

Whatever worth this book pre-sents
It can't be said, "NOT WORTH 3 CENTS!"



Deuteronomy 31:6

This attempt to define the indefinable—an effort to describe the perfume of the "rose" mentioned by "The Father of his Country"—comes to you with the best wishes of one of George's 130,000,000 living children—one who has spent a long and happy life in a small town Up-the-Brandywine from Chadd's Ford and Over-the-Hill from Valley Forge.

Wm H. Ridgway 1/12/38

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THE CHRISTIAN GENTLEMAN

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By
WILLIAM H. RIDGWAY
Author of
"IN GOD WE TRUST"—AND WHY NOT?

Jacket by
ALBERT M. BURKARD

W. A. WILDE COMPANY
BOSTON, MASS.

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The Christian Gentleman

Made in the United States of America

INTRODUCTION

SOME years ago I put into manuscript between one and two hundred stories for my grandchildren. These manuscript stories were put in indexed portfolios, under the title "Stories Grandfather Liked to Tell."

A Boston publisher heard of these stories and asked me if I would not put ten of them together that he might print them in a book. This was done, and the book was published under the title,

"IN GOD WE TRUST"
(Cries the Little Red Cent)
AND WHY NOT?

This book has met with such a favorable reception that the publisher has asked me to get together some more of my stories. This I have done in the present volume.

In order that the reader may have some little idea as to what he is getting into in reading this book, I expect I ought to say that for some thirty

years I have been writing the Sunday school lessons for the *Sunday School Times,* the leading paper devoted to this line of religious work.

In my column, which is called "The Busy Men's Corner," it is my object to put things religious in the terms of our everyday life.

Some years ago I received a letter from one of my readers in which she said this:

"Mr. Ridgway, I always had trouble in getting my boy John to go to Sunday school, especially since he has got big. One day I happened to read him one of your lessons—when I thought you were a little worse than usual! When I had finished John cried:

"'Gee, mom! that bird is human.'

"I subscribed to the paper for John's teacher and suggested that she read some of your stuff to her class every Sunday. The result has been that John and all his gang are keen to go to Sunday school to find out 'What atrocity Old Man Ridgway has committed this week.'"

The reader, quite likely, will find one or more "atrocities" in the present volume. If so, I trust the reader will be sufficiently charitable to remember that these stories were written primarily for boys who had not yet come into their twenties. Also, since they were not written for publication,

they will be found very personal, informal and of various sorts.

The book describes my search for a satisfactory definition for that most distinguished of all human products, the Christian Gentleman, and this is followed by what the lawyers call "Exhibits in the case." Or as my grandsons would say "The Christian Gentleman doin' his stuff!"

The book makes no pretension whatever to literary merit. Following the example of the President, it might be labeled, "Fireside Talks"—just a grandfather, in his slippers and easy chair, talking to his grandchildren, and to any one else who should happen to drop in.

The story which starts the book is intended for that type of man who has been brought up in a sheltered Christian home, with godly parents, and in one way or another has his religious life upset, and gives church and everything connected with it absent treatment.

A striking example of a man of this sort will be found in the chapter "A Christian Gentleman in the Making."

CONTENTS

I. The Christian Gentleman Defined . 9

II. The Christian Gentleman's Joy of Simple Living 25

III. Christian Gentlemen Are the Best Company 33

IV. A Christian Gentleman in the Making 37

V. The Christian Gentleman in a "Get-Together" 48

VI. The Christian Gentleman Caught Speeding 59

VII. The Christian Gentleman and "An Angel Who Lost Her Way" . . . 67

VIII. Three Christian Gentlemen and Their "Wonderful Climate" 86

IX. The Christian Gentleman in the Financial World 94

X. A Christian Gentleman in Jail . . 101

XI. The Christian Gentleman and the Box of Candy 109

XII. A Christian Gentleman of "Ole Virginny" 116

XIII. The Christian Gentleman in Business (England) 128

XIV. The Christian Gentleman "At Home" 133

XV. The End of a Christian Gentleman . 139

I

THE CHRISTIAN GENTLEMAN DEFINED

"ROEBLING, if an angel all in white, with silver wings, should come gliding down upon that golden moonbeam and balancing herself upon the porch rail should say: 'I'll make that new boy baby of yours just the sort of a man you would like him to be,' say, Roebling, what would you tell the Angel of the Moonbeam to make him?"

"Ridgway, I'll be switched if I know," replied Roebling.

It happened this way: I was in Ohio hunting orders for our factory. I came to the town of Salem, where I was to catch the near midnight train for Pittsburgh and home. I went to the leading hotel for my supper, and for a comfortable place in which to wait for my train.

This hotel, like many western hotels of that

time, was hotel only above the street floor. Downstairs was used entirely for stores. The hotel had a front portico which extended over the pavement to the curb line. The porch was surrounded by a stout balustrade. The place was supplied with comfortable chairs, and in the summer evenings was a pleasant place on which to sit and watch the life of the little city flow back and forth upon the street below.

After supper I came out and took a seat in one of the comfortable rocking chairs. Presently a young man came and seated himself in the chair next to me. We were early visitors to the balcony and were the lone occupants.

American travelling men never wait upon introductions to get acquainted. After the day's business we are apt to be a little lonely and homesick. So it was one of the unwritten laws of the road we "drummers" should be open, approachable and congenial, always inviting friendly contacts.

So the young man and I fell into a pleasant little chat. He was travelling for the Roeblings of Trenton, N. J., selling wire rope to the Ohio coal mines and other similar operations throughout the west and northwest. I was selling machinery for blast furnaces, foundries and mills.

We started with the weather, as usual, got into business, with some politics and wound up, of course, on the matter of religion. Why do most Pullman car and hotel lobby talks with travelling men usually take the three step course of business, politics and religion? Always winding up with religion. It is because away down in the subconscious stratum of every man is the homing instinct. We seem to know we are not here to stay.

It turned out that all the religion this Wire Rope Salesman had was the usual, " If-a-fellow-plays - square - and - does - the - right-thing-it-is about-all-the-religion-any-man-need-have," brand of religiousness.

" Then you do not tie up with any church? "

" No," was the reply, " I never go to church."

" Why not? " I asked gently and encouragingly.

" Well, I don't know exactly why, to tell you the truth. When I was a kid I used to go to Sunday school regularly because it pleased mother. When I got big I dropped out and got in with a crowd that has no use for churches. But I don't have anything against the church. Dad and mother were great church folks and we had prayers in our home every night before going to bed."

"Are you married?"

"Oh yes indeed, very much married! By the way"—as he reached into an inside pocket—"I have not been home for two months, working this far western territory, and while I have been away a little baby has come to our home, and here is a picture of the little shaver, taken a week or so ago."

He handed me a photograph of a pretty little baby boy in the arms of a very lovely young mother.

"The first?" I asked.

"The very first," he replied with a grin.

"Kinda like the little feller, don't ya?"

"Bet your sweet life I do. Counting the days when I can get home to see him. Do you know, Mr.—what did you say your name was?—oh yes, Ridgway, sure—do you know, Ridgway, I would gladly give my month's pay check if I could telegraph myself home just to hold that kid for two minutes and see his mother."

From the way he said it there was no doubt about that, as his eyes ate up the picture of the baby and the mother. This was before the day of the long distance telephone. Today, thanks to Dr. Bell, my Wire Rope friend would call up Trenton for a dollar and fifty cents and talk to

the pretty wife and hear the baby cry. And in a few years, when television has become as common as the radio, fathers far from home cannot only hear mother and the baby but can see them.

The evening was one of those soft mellow ones of the summer time, when the moon sets up in its golden fullness in the southern sky. There was just enough moisture in the air for the moonlight to make a pathway of white gold down to the balcony where we were sitting. Then it was I said to the Roebling Wire Rope man:

"Roebling, if an angel, all in white with silver wings, should come gliding down upon that golden moonbeam, and balancing herself upon the porch rail should say: 'I'll make that new boy baby of yours just the sort of a man you would like him to be,' say, Roebling, what would you ask the angel to make him?"

"Ridgway, I'll be switched if I know."

After a long period of silence the Wire Rope man said:

"You kind a take me on the short lock. I never just thought of that before. I don't know what I should ask for the boy to be."

"Would you say, 'make him a wealthy man'?"

"No indeed."

"A famous scholar?"

"No."

"Smart and shrewd?"

"No, sir."

"Great in politics?"

"Not on your life."

"Social lion?"

"No."

"Hustling business man?"

"N-o-o-o-o, no, I don't believe I would, if I only have this one chance. I happen to know some 'hustling business men.' I try to sell them. Some are not so 'desirable.'"

"Well, what would you like to have that boy grow up to be?"

"As I told you before, I'm stumped for an answer. I just don't know."

"Well, I know what you and any normal man would want a boy to grow up to be."

"What?" was the eager request.

"Into a fine Christian Gentleman."

"You are dead right, Ridgway. That's exactly what I would like that dear little fellow to grow up to be. I know some Christian gentlemen back home in Trenton. My dad is one of them, and the baby's mother's dad is another. And the

head men of our company are fine Christian gentlemen."

"Well, old fellow, how can you expect your boy to grow up into a Christian Gentleman unless you show him the way? Boys are apt to come along in Dad's footsteps until, as you did, they get 'too big to go to Sunday school.'

"You told me awhile ago you had no religion whatever. I doubt if you ever pray. Not even 'Our Father which art in heaven.'"

"Gee, old man, you certainly know how to set a fellow thinking. I really have not prayed for years. Just tumble into bed and tumble out of bed."

A little later I bid my Wire Rope Salesman good-bye and took my train for home. Two ships that passed in the night. Years later I took the matter up with the Roebling Company at Trenton in an attempt to locate my man and the "Christian Gentleman" who might be his boy.

But the company is a large one and lots of water has gone under the Delaware River bridge over there at Trenton and neither father nor son could be located.

Just another one of the things to be found only in the books of the Golden City, when we will all have arrived at our Long Home.

When I got into my berth on the train I was thinking of my recent talk with the Wire Rope Salesman. I remembered that he had not asked me to go into detail as to what constituted a Christian Gentleman. I asked myself, "If the young man had desired me to define a Christian Gentleman what would I have told him?"

My Wire Rope acquaintance obviously had not asked me to do this because he had in his mind the picture of his own father and his wife's father, Christian gentlemen, for both of whom he seemed to have great honor and respect.

There used to be in Coatesville a rather witty Englishman who was the coachman for Dr. Charles Huston, the head of the town's largest industry. His name was Fred White, and like most men of his sort who had to do with horses, he had a bright native wit. In one of the religious meetings being held in the town Fred White "got religion," as the saying is.

It was our custom to have meetings in the Y. M. C. A. Auditorium Sunday afternoons, with some local man selected as leader. One Sunday we had Fred White to lead the meeting, and his address was something like the following:

"Friends and the rest of ya! Before I became a Christian I used to size up them

what was Christians, and do you know, I found a barnful of them right here in little old Coatesville, who are like the pianer we have at our house. It is a beautiful pianer. Has lots of fancy carved woodwork on top, beautiful legs, shiny all over, big bright gilt letters tellin' who made it. But there is one thing wrong with it that spoils it so it is never played. It is terribly out of tune! Yes, sir, lots of Christians are awfully out of tune and are no good as Christians, like our pianer for music.

"Now when us fellers are not Church Members, we are takin' the measure of you birds who claim you are Christians and belongers. We're sizin' you up. Let me tell ya somethin'. It isn't every feller who can own a good hoss, but every one of you fellers know a good hoss when ya see him."

Then Fred sat down and the rolling mill man next to me gave me a nudge and whispered, "Say, that there hoss jockey said a mouthful!"

Like Fred White's reference as to most people knowing a good horse when they see him, the same thing can be said to be true in the matter of a Christian Gentleman.

One of the old Church Fathers, according to Dr. Basil King, has said, "Any one can know God if he is not called upon to define Him."

I started out to see if I could find a satisfactory definition for a Christian Gentleman. At the start the nearest thing I could find was a deliverance by George Washington, which could be made to fit by the changing of a single word. Here it is:

> "To the distinguished character of 'GENTLEMAN' it should be our highest glory to add the more distinguished character of 'CHRISTIAN.'"

I went through the catalogues of such libraries as I could reach and I could not find then, nor have I been able to find since, any book so catalogued or dealing with this most desirable sort of the human animal.

At length in my search I put the Christian Gentleman among those great things in this world which are indefinable.

Some years ago I knew an old gentleman in Philadelphia who was noted for his whimsical peculiarities. When one of the great encyclopedia dictionaries, in several volumes, was published the salesman for the dictionary approached this old gentleman with a view of having him purchase the work. The old gentleman bought books.

He said to the dictionary salesman, "Does your dictionary have all the definitions?"

"Oh yes," replied the salesman, "it is the most complete work of the sort since Dr. Johnson made the first dictionary. The great scholars in the English world of letters and science have been engaged upon it, and all the definitions are there."

"Well," said the old gentleman, "if your dictionary has the definitions in it I will buy it, so bring it around and we will examine it."

The dictionary salesman got a boy and a small hand truck and brought around the big books.

"Turn to 'electricity,'" said the old gentleman.

The dictionary had the usual description of the manifestations of electricity.

"That is no definition," said the old gentleman. "I want to know what electricity is."

Then he said, "Turn to 'gravitation.'"

It was the same old definition, telling what gravitation did but not telling what it was.

"Now try 'life,'" said the old gentleman.

About the best thing the dictionary had to say for life was "the sum total of the powers that resist death."

"That is not a definition," said the old gentleman.

Other such intangibles were mentioned, with the same result.

There are things in this world which cannot by their very nature be defined.

Like the French Bishop's statement about God, we can believe in electricity and enjoy its benefits without being able to define it; we can believe in life and enjoy life's great blessings without being able to define life, and we can, of course, enjoy the acquaintanceship, the friendship and fellowship of the Christian Gentleman without being able to define him.

But I kept on in my search for a definition.

One of the words that the old Philadelphia gentleman asked the dictionary salesman to define was "love." This seemed to be one of the most hopeless to properly understand.

Satan is reported in the Book of Job as having said to God:

> "Skin for skin; yea, all that a man hath will he give for his life."

Yet every day we see men and women cheerfully laying down their lives for love. Love of country, love of home, love of friends and love of God.

Then it occurred to me that perhaps I might find a satisfactory definition for the Christian Gentleman by following the lead suggested by

the world's greatest passion, which is love. Love is the noblest of all the emotions that touch our lives.

The late Jay House, the columnist, in speaking of love, made this splendid statement:

> " Love pays its dividends in honesty, industry, thrift, decency, good behaviour, charity, courtesy and loving kindliness."

Note " Loving Kindliness! "

In these words of the newspaper columnist I wonder if we do not catch a glimpse of the Christian Gentleman passing our front door.

My friends have known of my quest for the definition of the Christian Gentleman and they have been looking out for something along the same line to pass on to me. One of them awhile ago sent me a little white silk banner, upon which is printed the following:

> " The true gentleman is God's servant,
> The world's master,
> And his own man;
> Virtue is his business,
> Study his recreation,
> Contentment his rest,
> And happiness his reward;
> God is his father,

Jesus Christ his Saviour,
The Saints his brethren,
And all that need him his friends;
Devotion is his chaplain,
Chastity his chamberlain,
Sobriety his butler,
Temperance his cook,
Hospitality his housekeeper,
Providence his steward,
Charity his treasurer,
Piety his mistress of the house,
And discretion his porter, to let in or out,
As most fit.

"Thus is his whole family made up of virtues, and he is the true master of the house. He is necessitated to take the world on his way to heaven; but he walks through it as fast as he can, and all his business by the way is to make himself and others happy.

"In two words, a MAN and a CHRISTIAN."

Then the unexpected happened in this wise:—

Some years ago Dr. Russell Conwell of Philadelphia, the founder of the great Temple University, with its hospitals and other great and good work, went up and down all over the land making addresses to packed audiences on the

theme he called "Acres of Diamonds." The truth that Dr. Conwell tried to impress upon the audiences was found in the story he told of a man who sold his little farm to go over the world to hunt diamonds. Later his own farm became the great diamond field of Alconda. His wealth was in his own back yard all the time he was searching far afield.

This has been my experience in my quest for a definition of the Christian Gentleman. I found it not in a dictionary and not in some volume upon the library shelf, but in a little book that was upon my desk.

The Holy Spirit, through the Apostle Paul, has written for all time the satisfactory definition for the great virtue of Loving Kindliness which is personified in the Christian Gentleman, viz.:

"The Christian Gentleman suffereth long,
And is kind;
The Christian Gentleman envieth not.
The Christian Gentleman vaunteth not himself,
Is not puffed up.
Doth not behave himself unseemly,
Seeketh not his own,
Is not easily provoked,
Thinketh no evil,
Rejoiceth not in iniquity,

But rejoiceth in the truth,
Beareth all things,
Believeth all things,
Hopeth all things,
Endureth all things."

After having found a satisfactory definition in the New Testament I turned to Psalm 15.

"Lord who shall sojourn in thy tabernacle
Who shall dwell in thy holy hill?
He that walketh uprightly
And worketh righteousness
And speaketh truth in his heart
He that slandereth not with his tongue
Nor doeth evil to his friend
Nor taketh a reproach against his neighbor
In whose eyes a reprobate is despised
But he honoreth them that fear the Lord
He that sweareth to his own hurt and changeth not
He that putteth not out his money to usury
Nor taketh reward against the innocent
He that doeth these things shall never be moved."

But shall remain a Christian Gentleman.

Having found the words that adequately define a Christian Gentleman, the rest of this book is given up to some exhibits showing the Christian Gentleman in action, or, as the modern boy would say, "doing his stuff."

II

THE CHRISTIAN GENTLEMAN'S JOY OF SIMPLE LIVING

SOME years ago I had a good job and fair prospects, with a salary of $150 a month. I also had a girl—and I still have her. I married her.

There were no houses in the Coatesville of that time that could be rented. Coatesville, by the way, is "a steel town," the real mother of the iron and steel business in America. I bought a big deep lot, for which I gave my note. A venturesome building contractor said, "I will take a chance on you," and he built me a little Queen Anne cottage. You know the type—the first story brick, and the second story California redwood shingles. It was built entirely on faith —mine and the contractor's.

We called it "El Nidito," which means "The

Little Nest." (I was studying Spanish at the time.) It rested firmly on sundry notes of hand and the old limestone of the Chester Valley. My name went on the tax collector's list, where it has remained as taxes have grown with the years.

" The Little Nest " was furnished in the simple style of the countryside of the plain eighties. The floors were covered with carpets and the walls papered at ten to twenty cents a roll—all except the parlor, which had a gold paper that cost fifty cents.

The furniture was not reproductions of Chippendale nor the uncomfortable " early American," but plain countryside, newly wed, department store, " Golden Oak," etc.

The pictures that adorned the walls were, for the most part, wedding presents. They were chromos and prints, and together with the furniture each picture and each piece sang in a great ensemble, " There are ten thousand more just like me! "

Thus my bride and I began to taste the joys of the simple life. It was a cheap little house, furnished in an inexpensive manner, but oh! the joy of sticking one's toes under one's own table and talking to one's sweetheart across the ham and eggs and the teacups.

We had one maid, a young Negro girl named "Becky," who told her friends she had a "soft snap" in a family of only two, at $2.50 a week. She was pretty much the whole ménage, doing all there was to do, and proud to be "one of the family."

"Becky" was an extraordinarily good cook, and while the "living" was simple it was always "just right."

Back of "El Nidito" was a fine vegetable garden. Therein we raised no small part of our living. Early in the morning and late at night, before and after office hours, I worked joyfully in the garden, planting the vegetables and fighting the weeds and the insect enemies of all garden makers. The Honorable Mr. Japanese Beetle had not then come over the Pacific, but don't say a word about Mr. Potato Bug from Ireland.

In this garden I had a wonderful asparagus bed of Conover's Colossal, big and tender. Next to it was a strawberry patch that was one of the show places of the town. Berries almost as big as the palm of the hand, flat and red.

Following the good old Pennsylvania Dutch tradition and "Baer's Agricultural Almanac," I planted my onions and radishes in the "down sign," so they would stay in the ground, and my

lima beans and tomatoes in the " up sign," so they would take to the poles and trellises!

I fertilized my strawberries and mulched them with mown grass from the lawn, and cultivated each one of the hundred plants individually. As a result, I had a quart of big Sharples berries from each plant. They were so fine and beautiful that the bride took delight in tiering them up on a dish, with the green leaves among the red berries, and sending them to the friendly neighbors. We bought our own for preserving.

I am talking about the joy of simple living, remember, and if you have never tasted the joy of following the Bible's plan of sending portions to him who has no garden to have fun in, you have never tasted one of the real joys.

In one corner of the garden was (and still is) a wide-spreading cherry tree. The bride would bring her fancywork and sit under the tree and knit or embroider, while the bridegroom hoed, weeded, killed bugs and got the town news.

In those joyous days I took the *American Agriculturist* and read Peter Henderson's and other seed catalogues. I tried with zest every new vegetable advertised. I paid twenty-five cents for one dwarf lima bean, but after two or three seasons I concluded that the old climbing bean

was the only one that had the real flavor and made the kind of succotash that is ambrosia for the gods! Real succotash is the vegetable masterpiece of the countryside.

For my peas I went to the wood clearings and gathered brush, and "stuck" the Champion of England peas—those peas with the pods six or eight inches long and with berries as big as marbles, and which, when dried, are as crinkled as a hundred-year-old survivor!

Those who have never eaten Champion of England peas have never really tasted that delicious vegetable at its perfection. The market gardeners do not raise them because they are too much trouble to "stick," and no one would pay the extra price for a flavor they never had known.

In the summer, as I have said, we got most of our living from our garden, and it was the best of living. And what fun it was!

Henry Ford's head is level in his efforts to have his workmen own a little place in the countryside with a vegetable garden out of which to get a cheap and good living.

In those days instead of fried chicken, southern style, we had fried home grow tomatoes with cream gravy, Chester County style; fried home grown eggplant, cracker-dust style; or it might be

fried squash or sometimes fried parsnips. All of which come served with that best of all sauces "I-raised-them-myself!"

There was little need for meat when you could have for dinner at six the vegetables that you took out of the garden at high noon when you were home for lunch. You got the bottled sunshine into you with all its vitamins and calories before they had time to evaporate.

Thus this William and Mary, in the first days of their married life, swung into the joy of the simple living.

At the time we joined up with each other we joined up with the Church, and for years have been working together in the Sunday schools, both in town and in the Rock Run Mission in the outskirts.

A great deal has happened in the great Chester Valley in the last half century, but we are still living in the same little simple Queen Anne cottage of brick and shingle. To us it is the most sacred place on earth. Here the babies came to us. Out of the front door went the little white casket. Here the wedding bells were rung. Here our friends came to celebrate our wedding anniversaries. Here has dwelt peace and happiness all the years.

Although the house is the same on the outside, a little worse for the storms that have beaten upon it, and showing some of the wear and tear of time, and although the vegetable garden is now a grassy lawn and a back street, and we are living like most people, out of the stores, there have been great changes on the inside as "The Simple Life" has prospered us.

The floors have been parqueted and covered with beautiful rugs. The dining room is wainscoted. The walls are covered with proof etchings and original paintings by masters. The furniture and pictures no longer sing, "There are ten thousand more just like me," but each piece is a soloist! The lone shelf of books has grown into a library.

And here in the little Queen Anne cottage we take joy in entertaining our friends, who, like us, are interested in the world's best and most worthwhile things. The "Angel Room" is always ready. We have entertained "many an angel unawares."

The great trouble with young people today, it seems to me, is that they are not content to start at scratch, as did this William and Mary. They want to start where their parents left off. Not willing to deny themselves things and honestly

say "We'd like to—sorry we can't afford it," they make a wreck of what might have been a happy life.

Although we lived in a country town, we never felt that we could afford the luxury of keeping a horse and buggy, as did many of our friends and acquaintances. The automobile had been here a number of years, before we, among the last to do so, took on that extravagance.

We did so only when our daughter had grown up to be a young lady and an automobile was useful to entertain her girl friends when they came to the countryside to visit her.

We never felt that we could afford vacations to the mountains or seashore, so we took our vacations with lawn mower and hoe, with perhaps a week-end trip to the seashore in summer or to New York in winter.

As a result of the reserve of those early days, in these later days we are able to take train, ship, or automobile and ride as far as we care to go, and stay as long as we like. In other words, the simple life at the start has tempered us for these years of peace, prosperity, and happiness now that we are older.

Horace Greeley said, "Go West, young man."

William Ridgway says, "Go dig, young man."

III

CHRISTIAN GENTLEMEN ARE THE BEST COMPANY

It is an old saying "A man is known by the company he keeps."

If the contention of this book, that the best and most desired product of Christian civilization is the Christian Gentleman, is true, then Christian gentlemen make up the best associates for any man.

Naturally, Christian gentlemen are to be found, for the most part, in the membership of the Christian Church. Therefore, if a man should want to get into the best company he will tie up with the church—whether Protestant, Catholic or Jew.

If I should be criticized for mentioning a Jew, I have only to remind the critic that the good orthodox Jew believes in the Messiah. The dif-

ference between the Jew and the Christian is that the Jew does not believe he has yet come. The Bible teaches us that some day the Jew is going to believe that the Messiah has already come, and will follow the Christian in accepting him as Saviour.

To illustrate the desirability of coming in contact with a good company of Christian gentlemen, as banker, employer, partner, associate or employee, the following story is told.

" Uncle Jake " Kindleberger, the famous paper maker of Kalamazoo, from whom I got this story, tells me that the incident actually happened in that city.

One of the banks had put up a new building with all the modern improvements and adornments. One day there came into the bank one of the Michigan farmers. He walked around and looked at the beautiful marbles, the artistic grilles, fine furniture and modern lighting fixtures, and stopping before the clerk who had charge of new accounts remarked:

" This is a mighty fine bank you have here with all this smart and scrumptious equipment."

" Yes," replied the clerk, " we think we have a very lovely banking house, and I am glad that it pleases you."

"Everything is so dandy," said the old farmer, "I kind a feel I would like to do a little business with the bank, but I don't suppose you could open an account here with $5.00."

"Oh yes," said the clerk, "we would be very glad, indeed, to open an account with you with the first deposit of a mere $5.00."

The old farmer took out his wallet and laid a $5.00 bill on the counter and put his signature on the usual card provided for this purpose.

"Young man," said he, "I expect you think it is very funny that an old feller like me would wander into this bank and want to open an account with a measly little $5.00 bill."

"Oh no," said the clerk, "I do not think it is funny. We long ago found out that these small deposits have a way of growing into very much larger sums, and we are very glad, indeed, to number you among our depositors, and would be glad to welcome any of your friends or neighbors who would honor us with their business. We can assure you and them the kind of attention they should get in a bank so well and beautifully equipped as this one."

"Well, young feller, I'll tell you just why I am comin' in. Out in our county every Fall we have a Fair. At this Fair we have hoss races. I have

a neighbor, Elijah Williams, who has an old hoss that he enters in the races every year. This old hoss is so slow that it keeps him busy to keep up with himself, let alone the other hosses, and he generally comes a-trailin' in toward the last, and usually the very last. One day I met my neighbor and I said to him:

"'Elijah, why do you spend your money enterin' that old plug of yours in the races every Fall when you know he is so dang slow he can hardly catch his own breath?'

"'Well, Ezra,' said Elijah, 'I will tell you. I know that old plug of mine is slow and there is no more chance of his winning a race than I would if I entered it on foot, but I have had that hoss a long while and I think an awful lot of him, and the reason I spend my money to enter him in the race is because I like to see him LATHER UP IN GOOD COMPANY.'"

Like Elijah Williams' old horse, we may not be able to achieve a high and distinguished place in the human race, yet like the old horse we can, by coming into the church made up of Christian gentlemen, play our part set in the world's best company.

IV

A CHRISTIAN GENTLEMAN IN THE MAKING

All over the land there are thousands of splendid men who are fine gentlemen. They are men of great integrity and outstanding ability. They have fine manners, often generous to a fault, have the respect of the community in which they live, and the high regard of those who know them. These men, in almost every case, have been the children of a Godly father or a Godly mother, or both. In one way and another they have gotten away from the old home influences so far that they give things religious absent treatment.

This chapter is the story of a man of this sort. At the time this story was told me, by the former Governor of Colorado, this man, whom I call "Henry Bair," by adding the word "Christian"

to his refinement, culture and gentlemanly graces, has become one of the greatest assets of the city of Denver.

The " Henry Bairs " are the men for whom this book is especially written, and the book is sent out with the hope and prayer that it may accomplish the purpose for which it is intended.

In the plain simple way that a grandfather would talk to his grandchildren, the writer has hoped that he might start these " Angels who have lost their way," to find the road back to the old religious home fires, as have done those who are named in this book.

How Billy Sunday Made Colorado Vote " Dry "

My old school friend, William E. Sweet of Denver, formerly Governor of the State of Colorado, said to me one day after the State of Colorado had gone 40,000 dry:

" You have to hand it to Billy Sunday as the influence who has changed Colorado from 10,000 wet to 40,000 dry."

" How did he do that? " I asked.

" We had him out here in our principal cities, where he put up his big barn of a building, which he calls a tabernacle, and covering the floor with

'sawdust' from the planing mills he carried on his evangelistic campaign."

There were wonderful meetings in Denver, according to the Governor, and in describing them he told me the following story.

The Governor Invites a Friend

Said the Governor: "We have in Denver a very influential man, whom I will call Henry Bair. He is the head of a large enterprise employing some 600 men. Henry Bair was a typical man of the world, a high grade gentleman in every particular, whose word was as good as his bond. However, he had not the least inclination toward anything that was religious. In fact, he spent his Sundays on the golf course with a lot of men of his own sort. When he gave a party at his home, to which he invited the young folks, he always had a big bowl of fish house punch in the front hall, and back under the stairs he had a closet furnished with harder liquor, and in it 'everything fit for a man to drink.'

"As the meetings went on those of us who were responsible for them had Henry Bair on our hearts at every meeting, and many earnest prayers went up for his conversion. I went to him one day and said: 'Mr. Bair, the whole town

is talking about these Sunday meetings. Wouldn't you like to attend one of them if you could get a seat without having to stand in line a long while?'

"'Yes, indeed, I would,' said Mr. Bair.

"'All right, Mr. Bair, I will see that you get a very good seat.'"

Continued the Governor: "We gave Mr. Bair a season ticket to a seat in the front and showed him how he could come in a private entrance back of the platform and take his seat without crowding in with the great company gathered around the main door.

"When Henry Bair arrived at the great building he was struck and amazed at the splendid piece of engineering which the building displayed. Henry Bair had been an engineer himself in his younger days, and while the building was apparently crude, thrown together quickly of cheap material, yet he was engineer enough to see that the trusses and the whole arrangement of the building had been worked out with a great deal of engineering skill, at a minimum use of material and at a very low cost. Back of the pulpit was a remarkable sounding board, somewhat in the shape of a clam shell, but different from anything else that had ever been produced.

"One of Billy Sunday's earlier converts happened to be one of the most skillful builders in the country, and after he was converted he wanted to be with Billy, so he took the job of going ahead of the campaigns and seeing that the tabernacle, or 'the big barn' as some people called it, was properly constructed. It was the work of this man's hands that filled Henry Bair with admiration.

"When Billy came on he made one of his characteristic addresses. He told what he thought of the men who failed to obey the laws of God and live the proper kind of a life in the community, and on this particular night he seemed to be more incisive and insistent and saucy than ever.

"Henry Bair went home mad and indignant—'boiling mad,' as he expressed it. He said Billy Sunday had called him all the hard names in the dictionary. He called him a dead-beat, a four-flusher, a liar, a cheat, and everything there was in the criminal code except a murderer. He went to bed but could not sleep. He tossed around from one side of the bed to the other, filled with anger at the way Billy Sunday had talked to him. 'The very idea of that low down sand-lot ball player roasting his betters!'

A Cool Head in the Morning

"Along toward morning he quieted down and came back to normal. Henry Bair was no fly-up-the-creek. By nature he was a level-headed, cool-blooded business man.

"When he came back to his real self he said: 'Old man, Billy Sunday is exactly right. You are all and everything he said you were, and a lot more he might have said, if he knew as much about you as I know about you. Henry Bair, you were born in a fine Christian family; you had a fine Christian father and a lovely Christian mother, and they brought you up hedging you all around and shielding you on every side. You were a sheltered boy. You were sent to college and given every advantage, and your dear father and mother loved you as the apple of their eye. What have you done? Every Sunday, when the people are going to church—the church your father and mother loved and never failed to attend as long as they were able—you ride by in your big automobile with your golf clubs in evidence and spend the day out with men who care nothing for you whatever, except what they can get out of you. Every Sunday you were simply tramping over the graves of your father and mother, and you are all Billy Sunday says you

are. Why, Henry Bair, you can't give a party at your house, to which you invite people, but you must set up right in your front hall a big bowl of insidious punch that you may give these boys and girls a taste for something which may eventually drag them down to hell, and for your other friends you have harder liquor that you may help them along in the way in which they have already started. Henry Bair, yes, indeed, you are all and even more than that splendid, wiry evangelist over there in the big barn says you are.

"'Henry Bair, every advancement you have ever had in your career and business life has been at the hands of real Christian men.'

When the Ice Broke

"The next night Henry Bair was back sitting in the accustomed place. When Billy Sunday gave the invitation and asked who would be the first man to come up and take him by the hand and thus say, 'God helping me, I am going to lead a Christian life,' Henry Bair immediately stepped up and took Billy's hand, and went and sat down on the first row of seats, which was the improvised 'mourners' bench.'"

Governor Sweet, who was Chairman of the Committee directing the meetings, said, "I

stepped over to him and said, 'Mr. Bair, I am awful glad you have taken this step.'

"Mr. Bair sat there like a statue, and while he took my hand he did not say a word.

"When Henry Bair, who is one of the best known men of Denver, went up and took Billy Sunday's hand and sat down on the front bench, a thrill went through that whole great assembly, and man after man, and woman after woman poured up the aisles and took seats on these front benches."

Said Governor Sweet: "The next day I called on Henry Bair and said, 'Mr. Bair, a little bunch of us interested in these meetings meet in the Directors' room at the bank, and I wondered whether you would not like to meet with us.'

"'I would be very glad to,' said Mr. Bair.

"At noon," said the Governor, "we were all gathered there and one after another had something to say, and then I said, 'Mr. Bair, we are glad to have you here with us, and I wonder if you would like to say a word.'

"Henry Bair stood up and told us the story I have told you, and when he sat down he dropped his head on his arm, and there in the Directors' room at the bank he sobbed as though his heart would break. Henry Bair came out of that room

a new creation, and today is one of the most influential Christian workers in the whole city of Denver."

"What else happened during that campaign?" I asked the Governor.

"Lots," he replied.

"Tell me some of them," I said.

The Two Denver Doctors

"We have two great doctors in Denver," replied the Governor. "One we will call Dr. Smith and the other we will call Dr. Jones. Dr. Smith had a great practice and specialized in surgery. Dr. Jones, on the other hand, was an expert on diseases of the lungs. A great many people come to Denver with the hope of regaining their health in the mountain air, for which Denver is noted.

"Dr. Smith and Dr. Jones were great friends. Dr. Smith was an earnest Christian man. Dr. Jones was not. He was a fine man in every way, but never made any profession of being a Christian.

"During one of the meetings, after Billy had preached one of his most telling sermons and was making the appeal, Dr. Smith went to Dr. Jones, who was present, and said: 'Dr. Jones, you and I

have been friends for a good many years, and I have loved you as a brother, and do you know, nothing would fill my heart with greater joy than to see you go up and take Billy Sunday's hand and accept my Saviour for your Saviour.'

"Dr. Jones said: 'Dr. Smith, I have been thinking about this thing for a long while, waiting for you to ask me. If you will give me your arm I will go up there and take Billy Sunday's hand and accept your Jesus Christ as my Saviour.'"

Said Governor Sweet: "The two doctors are known by almost every one in Denver, as they are both older men and both have had very large practices, so as they walked up the 'sawdust trail' together thousands of people in that great building could hardly restrain themselves from bursting into applause. They sat down together on the front row just where Henry Bair had sat."

Continued the Governor: "If you go into Dr. Jones' office you will find there a flat-topped desk with nothing on it at all but a book about three-fourths of an inch thick and about four and a half by nine inches, and on that book is a wide-mounted bottle, such as physicians use. In this bottle there is a brown-looking substance filling it about three-quarters full. If you were a stranger there you would wonder just what it was you

were looking at in that simple office, on that bare table carrying nothing but a book with a bottle on top of it.

"When Dr. Jones came in, if you would say, 'Doctor, I am interested in that book and that bottle you have there on your desk. What are they?'

"The doctor would smile and say: 'My friend, that book is a copy of the Rodeheaver songs, and that bottle contains some of the sawdust that was in the Billy Sunday tabernacle. To the music that is in that book and over the sawdust in that bottle I was led on the arm of my dear friend, Dr. Smith, into the Kingdom of Heaven. I have very strict and implicit instructions that as long as I live neither that book nor that bottle is to be removed from where you see them there upon my desk.'"

And yet, there are those who criticize Billy Sunday's methods!

V

THE CHRISTIAN GENTLEMAN IN A "GET-TOGETHER"

SOME years ago in the city of Brooklyn a company of men, including my friend the Rev. James M. Farrar, at that time minister of the Park Slope Church, would have an annual dinner. Every man at the dinner was supposed to bring a story.

The gentlemen of the group, after each man had presented his story, would vote for what they considered the best story, and a substantial and desirable prize was given to the man who brought the story.

There will follow in this chapter two stories. One of these will be what the gentleman decided was the best story of all the dinners. The other story will be one that I would have submitted had I had the good fortune to be a member of the "Get-Together Club."

You can judge how my story compares with the best story of all time, and if you think it is entitled to a prize you can so award it!

When former President Theodore Roosevelt was Police Commissioner of New York City he had among his many acquaintances two Irishmen named Patrick and Michael Kelly.

In due course in the advancement of his political career Mr. Theodore Roosevelt became Governor of New York State.

After the Governor got pretty well settled in his office Patrick, who knew the Governor very well, thought now was his opportunity to get an easy job with good pay.

Patrick got a little money together and took the night boat for Albany. When the next morning he sent in his well-known name by the Governor's secretary, he was ushered at once in to see Mr. Roosevelt.

"Well, Patrick, my boy," said the genial Governor, "I am glad to see you. Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Yer highness," replied Pat, "oi come up to see if ye would be after a-givin' me a job."

"What kind of a job do you want?"

"Oi'll take enything yer honor will be good enough to give me. As ye know oi can do most

enything an Irishman can do. Oi can be a policeman, or oi could be a watchman, or oi could run errands for ye, or do enything yer honor might have for me to do."

"That is very nice, Patrick," replied the Governor, "but the trouble is all the good jobs are protected by Civil Service, and you have to pass an examination before you can be eligible for any sort of a job."

"And what's the Civil Sarvice?" asked Pat.

"In a Civil Service Examination you have to answer a number of questions to be put on the eligible list. I am afraid, Patrick, that these questions will be too much for you and you will not be able to answer them, so you could not get in line for an appointment to a good job."

"Well, will yer honor be good enough to tell me what them there questions are?"

"The first question, Patrick, you are likely to be asked is this:

"'How many stars are there in the heavens?'"

"Holy Moses!" cried Pat, "who would know how many stars there are in the hivens but the good mon himself, who made the hivens and put them there."

"Well, that is one of the questions the wise men who have made up the examination papers

have put down to be asked. And the second one of the questions is this:

"'How much does the moon weigh?'"

"Why, yer honor, whoever knowed that the moon weighed enything? Where would ye get scales big enough to weigh such a big thing as the moon, and if the moon weighed enything why don't it drop down here on the earth?"

"Well, Patrick, that is one of the wonderful questions that those who design Civil Service Examinations, for some reason, are pleased to put in their code, and no answer, no job."

Then said the Governor, "The third question is even harder yet. You have to look me straight in the face at the time of the examination and tell me just what I am thinking."

"Phew!" cried Pat. "The only mind reader oi ever saw was at a show, and oi always thought there was somethin' phony about it. Oi am not always sure what oi am thinkin' about meself, and oi could not tell what yer honor was thinkin'."

"Well, Patrick, there you are. Answer the questions and you will get in line for an appointment. If you cannot answer the questions there is small chance for a good easy job for you, and you will have to go back to the old street job in New York City."

Patrick, very much discouraged after having spent all his money, made his way back home. In the evening his brother Mike came in and found Patrick blue and " in the dumps."

" What's the matter with ye, Pat? " asked Mike. " It looks as though ye did not have much luck in gettin' a job with the Governor."

" No, Mike, there is no chance for a job," replied Pat. " They have somethin' up there they call the Civil Sarvice, and ye have to answer a whole lot of questions that seem to me like a lot of foolishness."

" What are the questions? " asked Mike.

" Well, the first thing his honor asked me was ' How many stars are there in the hivens? ' and the next question was ' How much does the moon weigh? ' And what do ye suppose the third question was? Oi had to look him in the face and tell him what he was thinkin'."

After Mike got his supper and had spent the evening in thinking things over he said to Pat, as he crawled into bed with him, " Oi think oi could answer them questions of the Governor, and tomorra mornin' oi am goin' to put on yer clothes and make myself look just exactly like you, since the neighbors say we look as much aloike as two peas in a pod, and go to Albany."

So the next night Mike took the night boat and arrived at Albany. He went to the Governor's office and told the secretary Patrick Kelly wanted to see the Governor.

Mike was ushered at once in to see the Governor, and was received in the best cordial Roosevelt manner, which made him one of the most popular of all our Presidents, with an "Hello, Pat. I see you are back again."

"Yes, yer honor," replied Mike, "oi have come to answer them there questions you asked me the other day."

"Do you think you can answer them?" asked the Governor.

"Sure oi can," said Mike, "if ye will be good enough to ask them."

"Well, Pat, the first question is 'How many stars are there in the heavens?'"

"Nine million, nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand, nine hundred and ninety-nine and a half," promptly replied Mike.

"How do you make that out?" asked the Governor, who was very much surprised.

"Oi set up last night and counted them, and if yer honor don't believe oi am right ye can set up tonight and count them for yerself."

"How do you get that half star?"

"Well, the moon was half full and it was up there in the hivens, so oi thought oi would count it as a half a star."

"Well," said the Governor, "I guess we will have to mark okay for that answer. The next question is 'How much does the moon weigh?'"

Just as promptly Mike replied, "A hundred pounds."

"How do you make that out?" asked the Governor.

"There's twenty-five pounds to a quater, and there's four quaters in the moon," replied Mike.

The Governor by this time was beginning to think he was up against something, but when he came to the third question he said, "Well, Pat, I guess the other two answers will pass, but here is the question I am afraid will be too much for you, 'What am I thinking?'"

Mike, who had been standing on the other side of the Governor's desk, walked around and looked him straight in the face and said, "Yer honor, yer thinking you're talkin' to Paat and you're talkin' to his brother Moike."

The Governor, as he burst into peals of laughter, said, "Old fellow, you are smart enough to have any job around the Capitol, and there will be a place for both Pat and Mike."

Any one who has ever seen the list of questions which now and then are prepared for candidates for this, that and the other thing, will be able to appreciate the pleasing satire of this story.

* * * * *

The readers of Dickens will remember that the principal of Do-the-Boys Hall had a unique system of education.

For example: A boy was called up and told to spell horse. He would spell h-o-r-s-e. Then old Squeers would say, "Go out and curry the horse and clean the stable, and you will never forget how to spell horse."

He would bring up another boy and say, "Spell window." The boy would spell w-i-n-d-o-w. Then old Squeers would cry, "Go get a bucket of water and a mop and clean the windows."

And so on through the names of all the things there was to do about the school.

The man I am telling about in this story was one who had a system of education similar to Do-the-Boys Hall, although there was no privation and hunger connected with his system.

He had a boy in whom he was very much interested, and this father said to the boy, "Whenever you read anything and want to remember the

thing you have read, you should act it out, as far as possible.

"For example: Suppose you are reading 'The Sword of Bunker Hill,' and you read the lines,

> 'Go quickly from yon antler bring
> The Sword of Bunker Hill'

step over to a picture or some other object hanging upon the wall, use your imagination to see the antlers of a deer with a sword reclining in the same, and in your mind's eye take it down.

"Should you be reading 'Hiawatha' and you come to the lines,

> 'Ever thicker, thicker, thicker
> Froze the ice on lake and river
> Ever deeper, deeper, deeper
> Fell the snow on plain and forest'

reach out your hand, and remember when you are making the ice on the lake and river the gesture is down, as that is the way ice freezes. When you are piling the snow on field and forest, make the gesture upward, because snow gets deeper in that way.

"If you do something like this with all the things you read you will always remember them."

The boy said, "Yes, father."

Some evenings after this the father and boy were sitting in the drawing room of their home, before an open fire. The boy was curled up in a big wing chair, intensely interested in a book. He suddenly got up, walked over to a beautiful Persian rug that lay in front of the fireplace, spat on it, then put his foot on the spittle and swung himself around like a figure skater, and then went back to his chair.

His father jumped up and cried, "Why, John! what do you mean by doing a vulgar, nasty thing like that? If your mother knew that she would skin you alive. That lovely Kasin rug is one of her proud possessions."

The boy, somewhat surprised at his father's outburst, looked up and said, "Why, father, I was just doing what you told me to do."

"I never told you to spit on your mother's rug and grind it in."

"No, but you told me whenever I was reading anything I wanted to remember to be sure and act it out, and then I would never forget it, and I was just acting out what I was reading."

"What are you reading?" exclaimed the father.

"I am reading Macaulay's 'Horatio at the Bridge.' Here it is next to the last verse:

"'And the oldest cask was opened
And the evening lamps were lit
The chestnuts glowed in the embers
And the kid TURNED ON THE SPIT.'"

In these days when so much attention is being given to educational methods and the old custom of speaking pieces Friday afternoon has gone into the discard, the style of education referred to by Dickens, and told in this story, might be worthy of consideration at the next meeting of the Society for Better Educational Methods!

I have been using these two stories as an introduction to after dinner speeches, and they have always met with a generous acceptance. It gives me pleasure to pass them on to you.

Some years ago we were travelling through Canada on a personally conducted sightseeing tour. The personal conductor was full of stories, some of which were pretty old. A friend, who had taken the trip before and was hearing again the same old stories, said to the personal conductor, as he came back where we sat, "Do you ever get a new story?"

He said, "My brother, I would give $50.00 for a good new story."

Here you get two good ones for the price of this book.

VI

THE CHRISTIAN GENTLEMAN CAUGHT SPEEDING

About the same time one of the leading automobile makers brought out a big powerful multi-cylinder car, (its manufacture was later abandoned) I came into possession of some unearned " easy " money. I was one of the executors of an estate and all I did was to sign my name to papers as directed by the lawyer who did all the work.

I took my fee and purchased one of the very first of these cars, which I was convincingly told was " the very last word " in motor cars.

The big car certainly could go. It could make sixty to eighty miles an hour much more easily than the ordinary cars of that period could hit thirty or forty. When you sat on the back seat

of the big car you were quite a distance from your chauffeur.

One day your grandmother and I had been at Narberth, calling upon a sick friend. Narberth is a thriving suburban town a few miles west of Philadelphia, and bordering the Montgomery Pike.

The Montgomery Pike for part of its distance is near to and parallels the Lincoln Highway. It had just been resurfaced and put into perfect shape for automobile traffic.

It was late in the afternoon and we were almost forty miles from home. As we came out of Narberth and turned west on the Montgomery Pike, Chester (our chauffeur) let "Aunt Betsy" out, and when "Aunt Betsy"—which by this time was our pet name for the car—was "let out" she certainly could "burn up the road"—and gasoline!

So we came up the Montgomery Pike seventy to eighty miles an hour, on a road as smooth as road building art could make it. There was a tea house your grandmother wanted me to notice, but before she could say "Tea House" we had passed it.

I said to your grandmother, "This reminds me of that old whim-wham of the Georgia Minstrels.

When the one 'Minstrel' asked the other why he did not get on the train the reply was, 'It was a-goin' so fast it took two men to talk about it.'

"'How was that?'

"One to say 'HERE SHE COMES' and the other to say 'THERE SHE GOES!'"

We got home in good time for dinner. A few days later I received a letter from Squire Stillwagon of Ardmore. This communication, which was on a printed form with the proper fill in of the blank spaces, stated I had been breaking the traffic laws on the Montgomery Pike and I was commanded to appear before him on a certain day to answer for the offense.

I wrote Squire Stillwagon the following letter:

"My dear Squire:

I have your notice to appear before you to answer for speeding upon the Montgomery Pike. I would say in reply we certainly did break the speed laws. The only wonder is we did not break our necks to boot.

I live on the Lincoln Highway, and I am strongly convinced any man who would drive an automobile, with a rolling mill worker for a green chauffeur, on rubber air filled tires, over an ordinary pike and through a built up section, faster than the Pennsylvania Railroad, near by, thinks it safe to run their

trains, with their best engineers who are time tried, on steel tires, over perfectly aligned steel rails, is a menace to the public safety and ought to be punished.

However, when you are in the back seat of one of these big long geared automobiles you cannot always control your driver. Therefore, I do not think it is necessary for me to come to Ardmore. If you will kindly let me know by return mail the amount of the check you want me to send, you will get it by return mail.

I want to congratulate Mr. Johnson, your Constable, for taking my number and reporting me.

I have shown your summons to my chauffeur with a 'Now, Chester, see what you have gone and done,' and we are all well 'called down!'

Yours with regards,
WILLIAM H. RIDGWAY."

I received the following reply from Squire Stillwagon:

"MY DEAR MR. RIDGWAY:

I have your letter, and want to say it is the most refreshing thing that has ever come to my office since I have been Justice of the Peace.

Since the Montgomery Pike has been fixed

up we have had a great deal of trouble with speeding. All those who have been taken up and brought before me have had an excuse. They 'were not going over twenty miles an hour,' they 'had a crippled car,' they 'were moving along with the traffic,' and any other alibi they could think up.

You own up and write like a real man, and there is only one thing to do with a fellow like you. If you will promise me the next time you pass through Ardmore you will stop in my office and let me take your hand, your offense will be fully forgiven.

Yours truly,
WM. L. STILLWAGON."

I did stop at Ardmore and introduced myself to the Squire. I got an enthusiastic and cordial reception. We had a pleasant visit together and I added another fine acquaintance to my collection!

Some years after the event I used this Montgomery Pike speeding incident in one of the Sunday school lesson notes I write each week for the *Sunday School Times*. I "digested" it down to the bare bones of the story. I was illustrating the value in all human relations of being open and aboveboard, and perfectly true and honest in all that we do.

Then in some other years after the publication of the incident I got a letter from a young girl of Wildwood, New Jersey, referring to the Sunday school lesson. Her letter went something like this:

"Mr. Ridgway, I am a very young girl. I am too young to have a license for driving a car.

"One day in a dare-devil spirit I had the hardihood to get in and drive a big powerful car of a leading maker. In making a turn I miscalculated my distance and bumped into a brick column that supported a porch. Things came tumbling down!

"Of course a crowd gathered at once. Presently a policeman came edging through the mob and began to 'bawl me out.'

"My first impulse was to get myself out of the mess any way I could, by stretching the truth as far as it would stretch. Then there flashed into my head what Mr. Ridgway wrote about his experience on the Montgomery Pike, and telling the truth to the Squire. So I interrupted the policeman saying:

"'Now look here, Mr. Officer, you need not waste your breath scolding me. I know only too well I am entirely in the wrong. I have no license to drive this car. I am too young to drive any sort of a car, let alone a

great big elegant car like this. And of course I understand it is up to you to do your duty and arrest me.'

"The officer seemed very much surprised, and he softened right down and cried to the gathered crowd:

"'Get out of the way, and as for you, young lady, take your big boat and get the h--l out of here. Now beat it!'

"That evening a gentleman called at our home and said he was in the barber shop when the policeman came in. Everybody was talking about the accident and the ruined porch, and the danger of automobiles when driven by mere snips of girls not big enough and strong and level headed enough to handle such a dangerous piece of machinery as a big automobile. The policeman said:

"'I expect I ought to have arrested that fool girl and run her in, but do you know she was so open and d--n honest about the whole affair I didn't have the heart to do it.'

"So I thought, Mr. Ridgway, you might be pleased to know of at least one instance when your teaching about always being open, honest, truthful and aboveboard worked out fine in another case of breaking the law."

After other years when this "young girl" had grown up to be one of the belles of Wildwood, and

an active young business woman, she and her married sister planned a trip up the Lincoln Highway that brought them to Coatesville.

The "young girl" dropped me a note asking if she might have the pleasure of calling upon me and paying her respects.

Your grandmother replied by inviting the girls to come and take dinner with us. They came and we found my correspondent to be a beautiful and bright, up-to-date American young woman with a sister on the same model. Young women who had learned to be open, truthful, honest and aboveboard.

We happily added two fine friends to the great company who does your grandfather the honor of putting him into the Christian Gentleman class.

VII

THE CHRISTIAN GENTLEMAN AND "AN ANGEL WHO LOST HER WAY"

WHEN I go to the great city, while most other visitors can and do find their pleasures in the great places of amusement, long ago I discovered I could find much entertainment and profit downtown in the Rescue Missions. There redeemed and devoted men are reaching out and lifting up those who feel they are lost and out, and leading them into a new Hope and into a new Life.

Some years ago one of the most noted of the Rescue Workers was the late Dave Ranny. He formerly had been a great and hardened burglar. At the time of which I write he was in charge of the "Squirrel Inn," a "light-house" in the slums of New York set up by the Episcopal Church.

At the "Squirrel Inn" Ranny dispensed "Soap, Soup and Salvation," as he said, to the New York hungry human flotsam and jetsam drifting into the great city.

I have always had a somewhat extended acquaintance among those who have done time in our jails and who have been led into the new life. So when Dave Ranny invited me, "the next time you are in New York," to come see him and spend an evening with him I was very glad to accept.

When I arrived at the "Squirrel Inn" in the evening I found Dave entertaining his "hard luck" guests with large mugs of coffee and big roll sandwiches. After speaking some words of greeting and encouragement to the motley company, we started out to see the darker side of New York life.

The first place we visited was the Jerry McAuley Water Street Mission, where my friends Samuel Hadley and John Weyburn were holding forth. I had to address the homeless company that was gathered there.

From Water Street we passed on to the Bowery Mission. We made the journey afoot, and as we passed through the dark streets and alleys one and another figure with a cap well down over his eyes would threateningly draw up to us. As they

saw Dave they would say, "Hello, Dave, it's you, is it? How are you?"

"All right, Jim. This is my friend Uncle Billy Ridgway from the country. I am showing him the town."

As we passed on Dave would say, "That was Jim Murphy; he is one of the slickest yeggs in the business."

Another would come along and say, "Hello, Dave."

"Hello, Sam. Meet Uncle Billy Ridgway."

As we passed on Dave would say, "He is a successful second story man."

Indeed, as we went along from mission to mission I had the opportunity to meet the elite among the successful operators of the Underworld!

No wonder I was told some years later by a prisoner out on parole, "Mr. Ridgway, you are known in all the jails in the United States and I wanted to meet you personally."

We wound up along about midnight, or sometime after, at Tom Noonan's Doyer Street Mission. This place, as usual, was packed full, and Tom Noonan was holding forth in his characteristic style. Of course, I had to make "a few remarks."

Doyer Street is in the heart of Chinatown. Right across from Doyer Street Mission is (was) what is known as "The Chatham Club." This club is made up of men who had done time—or was at the time of this story.

A little while before Mr. Charles G. Trumbull, Editor of the *Sunday School Times,* and myself, in trying to find the Doyer Street Midnight Mission, hearing music coming from the upstairs in that Chatham Club building, started to go up, thinking it was the Doyer Street Mission. Just as we had our feet on the stairs we noticed a lot of men and women coming along the street and we thought we had better ask them. We found we had put our feet upon stairs that would likely have led us into a lot of trouble.

I said to one of the people who knew the neighborhood very well, "What would have happened had Mr. Trumbull and I gotten into the Chatham Club?"

He replied, "It would depend entirely upon how you conducted yourselves. If you kept your hands in your pockets and showed no signs of fear or nervousness, nothing would have happened. They would have thought you were a couple of plain clothes men looking for somebody. If you had shown the least bit of hesitancy or

trepidation, you would have been lucky if you got out of there in your B. V. D.'s."

After the services at the Doyer Street Mission Dave took me to the " Chinese Delmonico." This is in the upper story of a near-by building. The walls of the stairway were all wainscoted in white marble. When we arrived at the upper story we entered a beautiful room where the tables were all carved teak wood.

There was nobody in the restaurant but the proprietor and his cooks and waiters. They all knew Dave Ranny. I was introduced to the owner.

Said Dave, " Here is a friend of mine from the country; he has never tasted any Chinese food in his life. Now I want you to bring him the best and most delicious stuff you have. As for me, my order is chop suey."

I had heard a lot about chop suey, so I said, " Bring me some of that also with whatever else you are going to bring me."

The chop suey was brought, and Dave said it was the most delicious chop suey he had ever tasted. He not only got away with his own order, but I pushed my order over to him after having tasted it somewhat. I have never wakened up at night and wished I had some chop suey!

I am not a tea drinker—in fact, I have never liked tea, but the tea I was served in the Chinese Delmonico was the most delicious drink I have ever tasted. It was served in a most beautiful ornate teapot, with little glasses set in beautiful silver holders. The tea was the color of amber. There were other things which went with it that I managed to eat. I was told this was the finest Chinese food in the city of New York, or probably in any other city, including China. If so, tasty old American cooking is good enough for Yours Truly.

There is a saying that every one in his lifetime must in one way or another "eat a peck of dirt," but he who dines in this Chinese restaurant will not get any of his peck of dirt there. They took me through the place, and I never saw a cleaner and neater kitchen anywhere, not even in my own home. Everything was immaculate and shining in its cleanliness.

Upon leaving the Chinese Delmonico at almost two o'clock in the morning we passed through sort of a tunnel and came out into Mott Street. Dave told me this tunnel was the scene of many Chinese murders. It was where the rival Tongs had their bitter fights, with many a fatality.

As we passed along Mott Street, presently we

heard the sounds of music coming from an upper story, and some people were singing " Old Black Joe." Dave slapped me on the back and said, " Uncle Billy, I have an invitation to that party and forgot all about it. Come on, let's go up."

He started up the rickety stairs, and I followed. At the top we entered a large room, with another room or two adjoining. In the middle of the room was a tipsy Irish girl, whose name we later found was Kitty Shea.

Standing in the room with Kitty were two young women whom we found out to be Miss Annette Boardman and Miss Clemence Boardman, who were having the party.

The place was known as " The Chinatown and Bowery Settlement for Girls."

Kitty cried, " Oh, it's nobody but Dave Ranny. Hello, Mr. Ranny, my dad says he has kicked you out of his saloon many a time."

Kitty Shea had no sooner ceased speaking than the room became filled with about thirty young women. Where they had been hiding I never knew.

Among them was a large woman in black, who seemed to be the leader. She took her place at the piano and they continued their song. There was a Christmas tree in one corner of the room,

and although it was a little after January 1st, they were celebrating Christmas.

I said to Dave Ranny, "Why did all these girls run and hide when they heard some one coming up the steps?"

"They thought it was the police," said Dave.

"Why should they be afraid of the police? They were not making any disturbance."

"Every one of those girls," said Dave, "no doubt has been guilty of things which would make the police interested in her. If they have done nothing themselves, they are, or have been, the molls of criminals."

After an introduction to the Misses Boardman Dave said, "Girls, Mr. Ridgway has been around with me tonight speaking at the various Rescue Missions. He is not a preacher but he is an iron manufacturer, and he doesn't talk like most religious men you hear, and I wonder if you would like to have him talk to you."

Of course, out of politeness, they could not say they did not want to hear me.

I said, "I have made about five or six addresses tonight, and I am not hunting any more jobs of speaking, therefore, if you will excuse me I will not interfere with your festivities by putting on a preachment."

From the peculiarity of human nature everywhere, especially among the daughters of our first Mother Eve, which makes one want the "apple" which is denied, the whole female company loudly and vehemently called for a speech.

I told them the story which is found in that splendid book "Salted by Fire," of a country girl whose very innocency was her undoing. She was not a bad girl at all and never had been a bad girl, but she felt her disgrace most keenly and her friends drew away from her, and so to hide her misery she fled to the city and took to drink. When a woman lets go she drops to the far depths.

There was a minister in that town who made it his practice every Monday morning to go around to the station house to see if there were any arrests there to whom he might be of some service. When he got there this particular morning he saw this young girl who had been gathered up drunk the night before from a door-step.

He saw right away she was not one of the usual women of the streets, so he asked permission of the Lieutenant if he could take the girl to his home. He took her into his library, which was on the first floor.

His wife and little daughter were in the room above, and the child naturally was interested as

to what was going on in the library of her father downstairs.

"Mother, who is the girl daddy has down there?"

The wise mother replied, "*My dear, it is an Angel who has lost her way.*"

At this point of the story the woman in black, who was sitting at the piano, jumped up and said, "We have had enough of this kind of stuff, let's get on with the party."

I said, "I did not hunt this job, but the company here invited me to speak, and since I have started I am going to finish my speech, and I will ask you to keep quiet until I get done, at which time I will go.

"Now girls," I continued, "there is not one of you here tonight but that some time in your life you had a pair of warm arms folded around you and a warm cheek pressed up to your soft little cheek, and there was whispered into your ear 'Mamma's darling little angel.'"

The girls in the room were intensely interested by this time. I had captured them. The woman in black saw it and jumped up and said, "This is enough of this kind of rot."

I walked over to her and said, "You shut up! You have interrupted me once and I am not going

to be interrupted again. I am preaching a gospel of hope to these girls, and if you open your mouth again Dave Ranny and I will open this window and throw you into the street." Of course, we never would have done this, but I was speaking figuratively. The woman in black slumped down.

"Now every one of you young women has grown up around a dear little girl, as sweet and as lovely a little girl as God ever sent into this world. The book tells us that every one of these children have their angels in Heaven, and the same book tells us that unless we become like little children —unless you girls become like the little child around which you have grown—we cannot see the Kingdom of Heaven."

I then went on to show the girls how the Angel who had lost her way was not left to fall in the mire; was not left to fall into the hands of the devil without any attempt at rescue. There had come One into the world to seek and to save those who had lost their way, and I went on to tell the old, old story so familiar to all.

At the conclusion of my remarks a young woman came running over to me, a most beautiful girl, and she said, "Mr. Ridgway, you will never know until your dying day just what you have done for me this night."

Over on a bench there sat two beautiful girls—obviously girls of culture and refinement. They sat with their arms around each other, and never took their eyes off of me. As I went out the door I saw both of them leaning forward that they might see me as long as they could. I have always been sorry that I did not, even though they gave me no encouragement, go over and speak to them personally in addition to what I had been doing in a general way.

When I got to Philadelphia I went to the American Bible Society and purchased thirty beautiful little red Testaments, illustrated. On the fly-leaf of the Testament I wrote these words:

> "To the dear little girl in the woman heart
> From William Ridgway, Coatesville, Pa."

Then I gave these passages of scripture, Matthew 19: 14:

> "But Jesus said, Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me; for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

Matthew 18: 3:

> "Verily I say unto you, Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven."

Before I left the girls I had made a tryst with them. I asked them all to promise that God helping them they would meet me in the Kingdom of Heaven, over where the Tree of Life was growing close by the Fountain, so in the book I put these passages, which I called "The Tryst."

1 John 1: 7:

> "But if we walk in the light, and he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin."

John 14: 1–6:

> "In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also. And whither I go ye know, and the way ye know. Thomas saith unto him, Lord, we know not whither thou goest; and how can we know the way? Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, the truth, and the life; no man cometh unto the Father, but by me."

Then the chapters, Revelation 21 and 22.

I then went to the leading candy store in the

city of Philadelphia and called for the head saleslady, and explained the situation to her, and told her I wanted her to put up thirty boxes of the finest candy they had in the store, and to pack it in each box just as they would if they were sending it to the swellest home in the city.

I sent the Testaments and candy to the Misses Boardman, and wrote as follows:

"My dear Misses Boardman:

Referring to my visit with Mr. Ranny the other night at your mission, I am having sent to you thirty little Testaments and thirty boxes of candy. I wish these to be handed to your girls with my compliments.

I do not suppose the Testaments will make as big a hit with the girls as will the box of candy, which is from Philadelphia's best candy place, but tell the girls for me to put the Testament away where they keep the faded ribbon and the precious letters and other things girls are apt to treasure, and when the devil comes and tells them they do not have a single friend in the world and the only thing left for them to do is to go jump in the river or turn on the gas-jet, or make their exit some other way, they shall open this little red book and will find in it the names of two friends upon whom they can surely rely. The name of one of these friends they

will find in the first four books of the Testament, and the name of the other friend they will find on the first blank page of the Testament.

They will also find there certain passages of scripture, which will remind them of the Tryst we made that night. You may remember the girls promised with uplifted hand that God helping them they were going to meet me Up Yonder in the Golden City by the Fountain of Life.

There is only one girl whose name I know and that is Kitty Shea. Remember me especially to Kitty and tell her I will be very much disappointed indeed if I do not find her among the first ones to greet me Up Yonder in Heaven, just as I found her to greet us when Ranny and I climbed the stairs to your rooms.

Yours with regards,"

I received the following letter from Miss Annette Boardman:

"My dear Mr. Ridgway:

I am writing again to express the thanks and great appreciation of all who were present at our gathering Tuesday night. They were so much pleased and touched at your thought of them, and at the letter, and they all said they wanted me to send a note of thanks to you.

They were much pleased with the candy, which was delicious, but especially delighted with the Testaments.

Kitty Shea was much pleased at being especially remembered in the letter, and the woman who interrupted you that night came up after the evening was over and requested me to send an apology to you for her rudeness in speaking as she did, and we all hope you will be able to come again some time.

I took some of the Testaments to some who were not able to be present at the gathering and they were also must pleased with them.

With renewed thanks,

Sincerely yours,

ANNETTE BOARDMAN."

Years rolled on, as they have a way of doing. Miss Clemence Boardman passed to her reward. Miss Annette Boardman is now President of the Chinatown and Bowery Settlement for Girls at No. 10 Mott Street. This organization is connected with the Rescue Society on Doyer Street. I have recently received a letter from Miss Annette Boardman, in which she says:

" I remember well your visit to our settlement for girls at No. 10 Mott Street, as I was living there at that time as Director of the work, and also remember the Testaments and confections and the letter you so kindly

wrote, and I am sure that seed sown that night must have brought forth fruit in lives. Lately I came across an old letter written by one of the girls of that time, in which she speaks of being now self-supporting and living under entirely different conditions, giving the address of a brother to reach her. This girl, young and beautiful, belonged to a good family, connected with a well-known business firm. Before this she had never come into the settlement without being under the influence of drink and drugs. After being saved from these she stayed for a short period of recuperation at a little cottage in the country which we then had in connection with the work. (The girl who came up.)

One other young woman we were in touch with at the time of your visit, and whom we often visited in one of the immoral houses in the neighborhood, has been for many years now living a Christian life, following her trade as a draper and living with a friend who was also saved some time later by the Rescue Society. (The two girls on the bench.)

We are carrying on the work in the same way and with the same methods as during the past 25 years, and have found it to be the best, and in fact, the only way to reach and keep in touch with those in the direct neighborhood, as well as others.

Incidentally, I would mention the young woman I spoke of as living with the one who is a draper, now is an artist, who was saved from the nighthood and drug habit. She is now working not only at her trade, but among her former associates in Chinatown, with the object and purpose of bringing them to Christ, as she was.

Kitty Shea, whom you mention in your letter, died about a year or two ago.

There have been many wonderful results, I feel during the past years, as the reports I know you have received have set forth, and I am hoping there will be still more accomplished in the new building Mr. Noonan expects in time to secure for the work.

I hope you will surely continue to pray for the work.

Very sincerely yours,
ANNETTE B. BOARDMAN."

This is just one story of one Rescue Mission, and one fellow from the country who happened to drop in one night, or rather early one morning, with an ex-burglar and ex-jailbird.

As I close the story I can also close my eyes and see the beautiful girl who came up to me and said, "Mr. Ridgway, you will never know until your dying day what you have done for me this night." I can also see the two beautiful girls on

the bench with their arms around each other, and with hungry eyes as they took in the message I spoke, and then I feel the thrill of joy as I have the letter of Miss Boardman years afterward telling of these "Angels who had found their way."

Who would not try with all his might and main to be "The Christian Gentleman"?

VIII

THREE CHRISTIAN GENTLEMEN AND THEIR "WONDERFUL CLIMATE"

THE Christian Gentlemen of this story were three "Gideons" on their way to the Annual Convention. A "Gideon" is the member of an organization made up of Christian travelling men. This society has done a great work in putting a fine edition of the Bible in hotel bedrooms. The name "Gideon" is taken from that of the hero in the book of Judges, who with a small company of 300 defeated a great host, "like grasshoppers for multitude," with no other weapons than a pitcher and a light and the great shout "The Sword of the Lord and Gideon."

Gideon, it will be remembered, started out to do his job with some 33,000 men. He did the job with 300. One in a hundred. This proportion

has held all down the ages. Of one hundred men working on a job there is likely to be just one who has what it takes to be made a "boss." "The Hundredth Man."

One of these travelling men, or as they are sometimes called "drummers," was from Los Angeles, California, one from Denver, Colorado, and the third from New York City. As they sat and fellowshipped together in the Pullman Smoker, in true "drummer" style, they swapped yarns and fancies and ideas and experiences.

Mr. Los Angeles, following the well-known California style and complex, swung into the glories and advantages of his great State. "Why, gentlemen!" he expatiated, "in California we have balmy summer all the year 'round, A perfect climate to be found nowhere else in America. In California that old 'time's up at three score and ten' as the life limit has been thrown into the discard by the preserving and invigorating quality of our wonderful climate. California is full of young men in their active eighties!

"And speaking of fruit, you ought to come out and let me show you what we are doing with oranges, lemons, prunes, grapes and all the rest.

"Your eyes will pop open, as would our Pullman porter's, if you should give him a five dollar

tip, when you see what our California climate has done for the various fruits its soil produces."

"Yes indeed," said Mr. New York. "That fruit you fellows raise out there is all you claim it to be. When I am home and come off the ferry at Cortlandt Street in late summer, I stop at the big fruit stand there and fill my pockets with your delicious Bartlett pears.

"People on the street must laugh to themselves when they see a big man going along like a kid with his face buried in a pear and the juice trickling through his fingers."

"Laugh, laugh, laugh!" cried Los Angeles. "Say, New York, it is you who makes me laugh my head off! 'A pocket full of California Bartlett pears!' Wow-ee! Why, man, you apparently have never seen a genuine California Bartlett pear. Those little things you bought on Cortlandt Street were probably from Florida.

"Out in California no housewife would think of buying more than one Bartlett pear at a time. We buy our pears out there like you buy your watermelons, and the luscious 'meat' is served in slices. Talk about going along the street eating a California Bartlett pear! Say, New York, don't make me laff, I got a split lip!"

"Well, your California Bartlett must be some

pear. I would like to see one," said New York. "How do you produce them? Is it some of Burbank's fruit magic?"

"No sir," replied Los Angeles. "Burbank had nothing to do with it. Just the natural result of our wonderful California climate."

Mr. Denver now spoke up. "California may be all you fellows out there crack it up to be, but we folks in Colorado know we have a climate nobody sneezes at! Because of its high altitude and germless air nobody takes a cold like you fellows who hug the oceans. Indeed, Denver has become America's great health resort for the cure of certain diseases. Unless the infection has progressed too far, our wonderful climate will conquer tuberculosis.

"I might also say," continued Denver, "our mountain climate has done great things for our fruits. The spiciness of the air that comes down from our mountain pines soaks right into our fruits. Take our cantaloupes, for example. They will stack up against anything California can produce. While California climate can make size, the big stuff does not seem to have the flavor of the old-fashioned peaches, apples, plums of other days. Our wonderful Colorado climate does the fine flavor trick for Colorado fruits."

"You tell the truth," said New York. "There is no fruit I know to compare with your spicy and toothsome Rockyford cantaloupes. As soon as they come upon the Eastern market in late summer I immediately get a crate or basket of them. I have an iced Rockyford with which to start my breakfast every morning."

"Say, New York, don't make me laff! 'A Rockyford cantaloupe for breakfast!' The very idea of such a thing is enough to laugh one's self sick. The fact of the matter is you have never seen a real Rockyford cantaloupe. The great population of Denver, Colorado Springs and the middlewest take the entire product of the Avondale Valley. Those things that dribble East, which you buy, are just nubbins, too trifling for Colorado and the West to bother with.

"One Rockyford cantaloupe is so big it makes a full meal for a large family. The 'meat' is so delicious and peppy and spicy that no other breakfast is needed to make a good start for the day.

"Why, do you fellows know that in the whole great city of Denver not a single furniture store carries cradles. There is no sale for them. When a Denver mother has need for a cradle in which to rock baby to sleep, she takes a cantaloupe and

splits it in two lengthwise, scoops the 'meat' out of the half melon, folds in a little blanket, and putting in the baby the convexity of the melon shell rocks baby to sleep.

"This is how the famous melon got its Tin Lizzie name of 'Rocky Ford!'" concluded Denver with a grin.

"To what does Colorado claim this superior excellence of this remarkable cantaloupe is due?" asked New York.

"To our wonderful climate, of course," replied Denver. "Anything that grows within the sweep of the tincturing pine breezes that pour down from the snow-capped peaks of the Rockies seems to catch the bigness of the mountains, both in our fruits and in our folks."

"Of course," said Mr. New York, "in the common everyday soil of the East our farmers cannot grow any products like the California Bartlett pears and the Colorado Rockyford melons. We are, however, able to bring forth some pretty big things of another sort.

"When you fellows come to New York to attend our great fair now preparing, and I get hold of you, I will take you to Fifth Avenue at 34th Street, and show you the Eighth Wonder of the World.

"At this central point, occupying a whole city block, the site of the famous old Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, a group of New York business men have erected a magnificent business palace which they have called 'The Empire Building.'

"From the center of this great structure rises a massive tower of many stories, filled with business offices. This tower reaches to the clouds and the top is crowned with a special structure that serves as a mooring mast for the big motor driven balloons that navigate the skies above Manhattan.

"This tower is the tallest steel structure in America, if not in the world. Its graceful lines are worked out in silver. It is a thing of surpassing beauty as, like a royal giant sentinel, it keeps its myriad eyes upon our teeming city to see that all goes well. It has supplanted the Goddess of Liberty as a Welcomer to those who visit us by the sea!

"When at the close of day Old Sol sinks to rest behind the Jersey hills, his magic sunset rays transform the multitude of plate glass windows into patines of yellow gold set in a shaft of alabaster.

"On winter nights when darkness drops down upon the city, and the offices are all alight, that

sparkling pillar reaching up to the Milky Way and the stars above, becomes a fascinating dream of unearthly beauty.

"But, men, here is the fly in this exquisite ointment. That tower is so high the men who make elevators were unable to produce a single machine that would travel to that extreme height."

"Well, then, how do the people get up to their offices?" cried Los Angeles and Denver in the same breath.

"CLIMB IT! CLIMB IT!! CLIMB IT!!! The wonderful climate of our little Ole New York," cried its loyal Gideon citizen.

As he cried "CLIMB IT!" New York dodged his way out of the Pullman cubicle amid the laughter of the other passengers who had gathered in the room to listen to the California and Colorado Boosters and Boasters.

IX

THE CHRISTIAN GENTLEMAN IN THE FINANCIAL WORLD

* The preliminaries to an operation are familiar to many today: the ominous questionnaire on entrance into the hospital, the prick of the lancet for the blood test, the tight arm band of the blood pressure instrument, the stethoscope, the wrist watch of the interne or nurse as the pulse is counted, the charts, the odor of antiseptics, steps in the corridor and low voices, and the serious faces of loved ones doing their best to look on the bright side.

Who can face them with a quiet mind? Only those who like the Psalmist can say: "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me." But this is not just what the little girl said, though she trusted the same Lord. She prayed a prayer that may bring back memories to you, as it did to the hospital staff and Mr. Ridgway.

* This introduction is by Philip Howard, of *The Sunday School Times.*

WHEN you go into a wisely run bank, which keeps its executives of easy access, you will note behind the rail or through the open office door, His Royal Highness-of-the-Last-Word waiting to give his "O. K." or "N. G." to the business.

Very naturally you will think there can be nothing in that Presidential hard and level head during the day but dollar marks and big words such as "collateral,"—"acceptances"—"contingencies,"—"liabilities,"—"investments" and the like.

But if you so think, you are entirely mistaken. If Mr. President is a Christian Gentleman, as almost every leading bank official usually is, (that is why he climbed up to the higher place) he is apt to be as full of sentiment as he is full of finance.

There was the late Mr. J. P. Morgan, for example. When his will was read the world was surprised to find this wonderful charge to his family. It simply overflows with religious sentiment, and all this was bubbling in that brainy head of the great "New York Money King" as he sat there behind his glass top mahogany desk

in his Wall Street banking house. You never can tell!

> "I commit my soul into the hands of my Saviour in full confidence that having redeemed it and washed it in His most precious blood He will present it faultless before the throne of my Heavenly Father; and I entreat my children to maintain and defend, at all hazard, and at any cost of personal sacrifice, the blessed doctrine of the complete atonement for sin through the blood of Jesus Christ, once offered, and through that alone."

In Philadelphia the other day the President of one of the largest banks in the city called me to his desk behind the railing and said:

"Ridgway, I have a nice little story for you."

"Well, Mr. President, 'nice little stories' are always grist for my mill, and I will be very glad indeed to hear it above the din and rattle of bills of change, calls for more collateral and other merry bank activities," was my laughing reply.

"I have a friend," said President Tee, "who has a little daughter who had to undergo a serious surgical operation. When the little patient was brought into the operating room on the litter and she saw the doctor and nurses in their white

masks and robes, looking like Ku Klux ghosts, she was disturbed and exclaimed:

"'What are you going to do to me?'

"'My dear little girl,' gently replied the surgeon, 'we are going to put you to sleep.'

"'And what are you going to do that for?'

"'You know that mean and cruel pain that hurts you often and makes you cry? Well, we are going to take it all away from you so you will not be hurt by it any more. And we are going to do it while you are asleep,' was the tender and kindly reply of the doctor.

"'Why, doctor,' cried the little girl, 'I never think of going to sleep without first saying my prayers on my knees by the side of my bed.'

"So nothing would do but the little girl must be lifted from the litter, and there upon her knees, upon the operating room floor, and with folded hands she prayed:

'Now I lay me down to sleep
I pray the Lord my soul to keep
If I should die before I wake
I pray the Lord my soul to take.
Amen.'

"The upset nurses, with a suspicion of tears behind the white masks, helped the little maiden

back to the litter, and with a sweet and peaceful smile upon her face she went under the ether cone. The 'naughty pain' that had given her so much trouble was taken away by the great surgeon and left her a happy little daughter of my friend."

As I passed out of the banking house to become a part of the great human tide that flowed along the street I said to myself, "Say, Mr. Man, what better prayer can there possibly be for any one going under the ether cone?"

I remember that the Master has said, "Except ye become as little children ye shall not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven."

* * * * *

A few days after I got this moving story from the "hard-headed" banker I was in the men's surgical ward of the hospital. Every bed was filled. Some of the men had been in the operating room and others were being made ready for the ordeal.

I have some bee-keepers in Florida who have their hives in the midst of the orange groves. The honey is distilled from the orange blossoms entirely. My bee-keeper friends put it up for me in two and one half ounce glass jars.

When I go to the hospitals I fill my pockets with the honey, as the doctors permit patients to take honey when they will not permit other food.

When I go into the woman's ward I tell the women there to put some of the honey on bread or a cracker and shut their eyes and they will smell the orange blossoms and hear the wedding bells!

So this day, having given the honey to the men in the surgical ward and told them if they did not want to sample it in the hospital they could take it home to wife, mother or daughter with the orange blossom-wedding bells story, I took my place in the middle of the ward from which I usually make a prayer. I told the men I was going to give them a beautiful little story a banker told me about a little girl in a surgical ward.

"Now after I have told the story we will have my usual prayer, but instead of saying all together 'Our Father Who Art in Heaven,' we will all recite the same prayer the little girl did."

Then I told the story you have just read. I made a simple little prayer such as any child might make. At the end of the prayer all of us big men got right back to our mother's knee as we said together:

"Now I lay me down to sleep
I pray the Lord my soul to keep
If I should die before I wake
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

And then I added for myself what I had said long, long ago, "God bless momma, God bless poppa, God bless brothers and sister and make little Willie a good boy."

When we opened our eyes we found something had happened in the last minute or two in that hospital ward! It was a different place. As I went out with a "Good-by, fellows, God bless and help you!" every man's face was alight with a smile as they called back, "Same to you! Come again!"

X

A CHRISTIAN GENTLEMAN IN JAIL

THE Boggs family in Philadelphia were among the leading rug manufacturers of their day. Sam Boggs, one of the firm, constituted the Sales Department, and he spent most of his time upon the road keeping in touch with the trade.

Sam was an active Gideon, and for a number of years was the enthusiastic President of the organization.

The Gideons, as you know, is an organization of Christian travelling men, and their badge is the pitcher, which Gideon's soldiers carried on the night they won their great victory.

While most of the objectives of the organization were to cultivate Christian fellowship among men when they were away from home, and to do

evangelistic work as it offered, yet one of the principal objectives was, and is, to put the English Bible into the rooms of the large hotels all over the land. In this they have been very successful.

Some years ago they put some thousands of Bibles in the bedrooms of the big hotels of Atlantic City. The Bibles were loaded on hand trucks and they had a parade, with a brass band, on the Boardwalk. Some one watching this demonstration inquired what it was, and was told they were putting Bibles in the hotels, and he said, "Why don't the Gideons take on some of the churches?"

Several years ago I was asked to come to Elizabeth to speak at a convention of the Gideons. I found, much to my pleasurable entertainment, that the delegates to the convention, while all Gideons, had among them very few "travelling men." The Gideons present were proprietors, superintendents, managers and other officials of commercial and manufacturing concerns of various sorts. One of the delegates was a Judge.

It will be very significant that it is the Christian travelling man who wins the confidence of his superiors and is called off of the road to occupy the higher and better place. These men do not punch a time clock nor send in an expense

account, so they could close their desks, or turn their affairs over to an assistant, and take a day off for fellowship and inspiration.

The real travelling men were out on the road all over the land hunting business for the Gideons who had been advanced to the high places at home.

Sam Boggs, the fine Christian Gentleman of whom I am writing, was about six feet tall, weighing 190 to 200 pounds, with a very fetching smile. He was a very earnest Christian, a fine speaker, and in large demand to address meetings and conventions. He was a fine type of Christian Gentleman.

The Governor appointed him one of the prison commissioners and this brought him in contact with the Eastern Penitentiary. It was said he had a large number of the released prisoners in his employ, with no one but himself knowing their identity.

One day Sam Boggs said to me, "Ridgway, there are some very gifted men behind those high and dark walls. The other day one of them, who is a 'Lifer' and who has been converted and is a fine Christian man exercising a splendid influence upon the men, said to me:

"'Mr. Boggs, did it ever occur to you that the

salvation of a great nation depended upon a baby's tear?'

"No, I had never noticed. How was it?

"'When Moses was put in the bullrushes and the maids of Pharaoh's daughter found him it was the tears in little Moses' eyes that captured the heart of the Princess.'

"How do you know the baby was crying?

"'Mr. Boggs, if you knew as much about babies as I know you could feel pretty sure a baby away from its mother, floating around in an improvised boat on the river, would of course be in tears, and if you know anything about women you know that nothing appeals to a woman's heart like the cry of a helpless baby.

"'There are a whole lot of very nice and interesting things to be found in the Old Book, which you can discover when you are in a prison cell and you can sit down to study it. Everybody who has ever read the Bible of course knows how the Apostle Peter denied his Lord three times, and he was awakened to the meanness and perfidy of his betrayal by the crowing of a rooster.

"'It is Peter's failure and the tears of repentance and his restoration to the Lord's favor which is the hope of thousands of us men who are behind these walls, and other tens of thousands

all over the world who have made bad breaks, for which they are sincerely sorry.'

"Then," said Sam, "that Lifer gave me the following little fanciful story:

"'When the Lord in His great work of creation came to the birds He parceled out to them their various beautiful songs. When He came to the rooster and told Mr. Chanticleer what his song was to be the rooster protested and asked why he could not have a song like the rest of the birds. Chanticleer was told that while his song might not be as colorful and as musical as the rest of the birds, yet his song had a great work to do for the Creator. Because of that song Chanticleer was going to be universally known and honored all down the ages.'"

I have been telling this fine story to many various audiences. I was successful in finding a good sized tin rooster which I could wind up and he would flap his wings and dance around. The last time I told the story was in a girls' college. I started my rooster dancing and then said, "Girls, how many of you can give me the rooster's song?"

They all took it out in a giggle and looking at me.

I said, "Surely there must be in this great

gathering of young women some girls who have been brought up on a farm and have heard the feathered brethren of this tin rooster here welcome in the morning."

There was a little " cockle-doodle-doo " over in one corner, then another and another, and soon the whole great company of young women were crowing their heads off, just like any old Prince of the barnyard himself. The girls had not had so much fun in a chapel meeting in the whole college history.

If any of the readers should undertake to tell this story and can get hold of some one who is a bird fancier and who can reproduce somewhere near the notes of the various birds which I am about to mention it makes a very effective and long remembered address.

I wrote to my friend Rev. Gurdon Scoville, who is an expert on birds, and I asked him if he would give me a list of some of the birds whose songs the rooster might have envied. I wanted the songbirds that are often found making music in our home gardens.

One of these, of course, is the Robin.

Then there is the Cardinal, with his cheery whistle.

The Baltimore Oriole, with his rich warble.

The Song Sparrow, first of the birds usually to sing in the Spring-time.

The Starling, the English immigrant, who though often despised is a regular Broadway entertainer with the variety of other birds' songs he can imitate.

The House-Wren, with his bubbling torrent of song.

The Flicker, who plays the drum in the orchestra—he likes to beat a tattoo on a hollow log, or even a tin roof, the noisier the better.

The Wood Thrush, the flutist, who often leaves the woods for big gardens.

These are some of the common garden song-birds whose gift the rooster made the mistake of envying.

"'So Chanticleer got his famous song of "cockle-doodle-doo," and one unforgetable night out by the fire when Peter, who had followed afar off, became rattled and cursed and swore and lied to the maids, it was the rooster with his song that brought Peter back to his true self and sent him out to weep bitterly. It was this same Peter who became head of all the Apostles and who has been honored and revered all down the centuries.

"'And from the point of view of this cell of mine,' said the Lifer, 'I think the Rooster owes

a great debt of gratitude to the Creator in that he gave him a song which is above all other songs.

" ' And hence today all over our land, in thousands of farmyards, Chanticleer will be found perched on the fence or some other high object, lustily ushering in the new day.' "

As we roll over the broad acres of America every now and then we see the flat effigy of Chanticleer, cut from sheet iron, high up upon the steeple of some church telling the people which way the wind blows, while his original in flesh, blood and feathers sings in the new morning!

Sam Boggs, the Gideon and Christian Gentleman, has ceased from his labors and is with the Lord.

Who the "Lifer" is I never knew, because those of us who have done work among the prisoners do not ask for names.

XI

THE CHRISTIAN GENTLEMAN AND THE BOX OF CANDY

One day I was summoned to New York City by the President of one of the large corporations there.

In many of the offices they have an "Information" girl who has a desk near the gate, where she looks after some unimportant work and takes care of the cards of callers. She is apt to be "the last girl" and has the most humble position in the whole office.

When I arrived at the office of the corporation, I presented my card and asked for the President.

"He is busy," snapped the girl.

"Well," I said, "it is not for you to say he is busy. It is your job to take my card in to the President and let him or his secretary say whether he is busy or not."

"Don't I tell you," again snapped the girl, "the President is too busy and cannot see you."

With that my Pennsylvania Dutch got up, and I said in a strong and emphatic and impatient tone, "Look here, young woman, you do as I tell you and take this card in to the President. Don't you have sense enough to know that I would not insist on this if the President had not sent for me and is expecting me? Now get busy and take in my card to him."

The girl gave me an ugly look and in she went.

I was ushered into the President's office and we talked over the business in hand. I was to come back later in the day to get the signature on the dotted line and finish the transaction.

As I went out the girl gave me "the dagger look." Outside I said to myself:

"You had no business to talk to that poor girl the way you did. You are old enough to be her father. You do not know what conditions that girl may be up against outside that office. She is about the poorest paid employee in the whole company, and she may be a girl living in a hall bedroom and getting along as best she can on her small pay. Maybe you would be snappy too if you did not always have enough to eat, and the future did not look very hopeful to you. William

H., you had no business at all to talk to that young woman in the ugly way you did, and it is up to you to square yourself."

With this kind of inside language talking to me all the lunch hour, there was only one thing for me to do to keep my self-respect as the Christian Gentleman I hoped always to be. So on my way back I stopped into Huyler's and had them put me up one of their finest boxes of confectionery. I told the girl in the store to do her best to make it beautiful and attractive, as if for the belle of New York society. And she did.

When I came into the office late in the afternoon I walked up to my "Information" girl and said:

"Girlie, I should not have spoken to you the cross way I did this morning, and I am very sorry. I want to apologize for my shortness and loss of temper. Let us make up, and this box of Huyler's will be the sign of our reconciliation and friendship. Instead of Jacob's and Laban's pile of hard stones for our Mizpah let this bunch of chocolates be: 'The Lord watch between thee and me when we are absent one from another.'"

What do you suppose the girl said?

Nothing. She gave me a look of surprised pleasure which I shall never forget, and then she

dropped her head on her desk and cried as though her heart would break.

I never did know the girl's name and have never seen her from that day to this, but I have always had an idea that that box of fine candy and my kindly words of contrition might have been the first touch of gentleness and consideration she had had for many a day.

The pleased look the young woman gave me expressed the mingled feelings of surprise, appreciation, gratitude, and even affection. If she could have found words she looked as if she might say, "You're a dear!"

I might say in passing I probably was never a better man in all my life than after having made such a bad break for a man who claimed to be a Christian Gentleman, I repented and at once showed my repentance by my good works.

Peter, you may remember, when he made his bad break as a disciple of Christ, went out and wept bitterly. In my case I went out and bought a box of Huyler's best, and the girl did the weeping—I won't say bitterly, but happily.

When having completed the business and passed out of the offices, with a nice order, and the signature on the dotted line, my "Information" girl had gathered herself together and the

forgiving smile I got as I passed her wicket gate was worth a good many boxes of Huyler's best. I went out with voices singing comic songs under my vest because I was one of those most blessed of all men, "The Forgiven Sinner," and a restored "Christian Gentleman."

THE NEW YORK GIRLS

Postscript:

In New York a company of ladies, one of the heads of which is Mrs. Helen Gould Shepherd, serves lunches to working girls twice a week. One day they serve it up town in a church in the Forties and another day they serve it in a church down town on John Street. They serve a fifty cent lunch for twenty-five cents.

At these lunches (which is the idea back of them) they have some one to come speak to them along religious lines. They numbered about 1200 at each place at the time I was there. They are divided into four groups of 300 each. After one group is served in one part of the church the group passes up to the auditorium for twenty minutes, then it retires and the second group comes up, then it retires and the third group comes, and after that comes the fourth group. So four times the audience of 300 changes.

When you are asked to be a speaker you are told you must divide your address into two parts. You make the first part of the address to the first group and the second part of the address to the second group, and repeat for the third and fourth groups. The idea is, when these girls meet they can put what they hear together and so have the complete address.

I have been asked to address these groups on two occasions. Once at the group which gathers in the Forties and the other to the group on John Street. I did not undertake to divide up my address but worked the thing out along my own lines.

The up town group was made up of girls who largely came from behind the counters of the retail stores, while the girls who made up the group on John Street were out of the office buildings, banks, insurance companies and similar places. There was just as much difference between these two groups of girls as there is between a home-body and a socialite.

There never was a brighter bunch of young women gathered together than these 1200 girls I had out of the New York offices down on John Street. I told them four different stories, and when I told "The Box of Candy" story I wish

you could have seen those girls with snapping eyes sit up and take notice. Every one of them knew something about the impatient, fly-off-the-handle type of boss, one of whom I was with that day, and in that very part of town, by the way.

When I finished the applause I got showed my story had dropped into good rich soil, and I have not the least bit of doubt the stenographer told it to her boss; the file clerk told it to the head bookkeeper; the girl at the savings window told it to the cashier, and every executive, especially the human kind, who flies off the handle occasionally, knows about the fellow from the country who lost his temper and made reparation with a box of fine candy.

It is said that the candy business has greatly increased in recent times. Let us hope the passing on of this story to the touchy and impatient "bosses" may have had something to do with it!

XII

A CHRISTIAN GENTLEMAN OF "OLE VIRGINNY"

THE college of "William and Mary" at Williamsburg, Virginia, is one of the oldest and most famous educational institutions in America. A number of the Presidents and many of the public men of former days were graduates and students of "William and Mary."

Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr. has furnished the money with which the old college buildings and the town have been beautifully restored to their former glory. Some new buildings have been added by the State and other friends of the college, and it can be reasonably expected this honorable old college may again take its place among the best. It has tradition and history and situation and, as will be seen, romance, to recommend it.

Next to the last President of "William and

Mary," before the Revolutionary War, was the Reverend John Camm. He was a handsome middle-aged man of some five-feet-ten, "the height of Chesterfield's gentlemen," and of great learning and of such charming manners he seemed a man of thirty.

There was an unwritten law of the college that the President of "William and Mary" must always be a bachelor. If the President should take a wife that act automatically was the handing in of his resignation. This fact should be borne in mind as we go along in this pleasing story.

There was living in Williamsburg at this time a most beautiful and clever young girl by the name of Betsy Hansford. She was an orphan. Her father had been a leader in what had been known as "The Tobacco Rebellion." This "Rebellion" preceded the Revolution like the little thunder gusts precede the cloudburst that sends the river on its rampage.

Great Britain had put down the price of the tobacco, which was the main source of income for the colonists, and had put up the prices of all the things that must be purchased from the Mother Country. This opposition was more like that protest of labor we call "a strike" rather than a rebellion.

Governor Berkeley, "the old fool," as King Charles called him, very unwisely termed it a rebellion and took and hanged the leaders, one of whom was the father of the lovely Betsy.

In one of the magazines Mr. Cecil B. de Mille had an article "The Ten Greatest Fools in History." For fool number nine is an English King. Says Mr. de Mille:

"Not the profligate Charles the Second but George the Third. This short-sighted ruler lost the American colonies through bad judgment and wholesale taxation.

"If Britain's empire today included the United States, as it does Canada, no country or group of countries on the face of the globe could cope with it. England per se could be the economic, military and social dictator of the world!"

The hanging of the Hansford group was a sample of the tyrannies of that period.

This little romance fits into an early chapter of the Revolution story.

There was a young man in Williamsburg very much in love with the fair Betsy, but his suit was not making any progress. Betsy declared she was never going to marry but had determined to remain in the most honorable estate of spinsterhood. You will notice Betsy did not say she was

determined to be an "Old Maid." But she told the young man she was not going to let matrimony interfere with her chosen career. She would be a "Spinster."

Now Elizabeth Jane, you and the rest of the girls listen carefully to what Betsy had in mind. There is a great difference between an "Old Maid" and a "Spinster." An "Old Maid" is one who has her cap set all the time and would gladly marry if she had a chance. A "Spinster" is one who, while having no objection to marriage and a home of her own, willingly gives up the idea for the good of her family.

"Spinster" in that pre-revolutionary day spelled "Sacrifice." It often does so now.

In those days colonial families were large, and pretty much all needed necessities had to be produced upon the premises of home, farm and plantation. Among these things were the sheets, table-cloths, towels, clothing and other textiles.

For these some one had to work the flax and spin the linen thread from which the cloth could be woven. Upon her expert hands rested the responsibility of the home being supplied with the imperative things.

If she, the daughter who did the spinning, she the expert "Spinster," should marry and go away

the family might be in very bad straits, especially if there was no other daughter coming on to acquire the spinning skill.

It was thus that the term "Spinster" came to be a synonym for loyalty and devotion to the family. Over against "Spinster," as has been said, could be written the word "Sacrifice."

Mrs. Pierre S. du Pont of Longwood told me that some of her most precious possessions were pieces of homespun linen made by the "Spinster" of the Pierce family, who formerly owned the great estate when it was "Pierce's Park." The few living Pierce descendants brought the precious home-made linens to Mrs. du Pont "Because we know you can appreciate what they stand for and will take care of them."

So Betsy emphatically put down her little foot and said to the would-be suitor, with the pride of a great resolve, "Bother me no longer. I have decided to be a Spinster!"

The pre-revolution boys were no quitters. England found that out. Cornwallis found it out not very far from where Betsy lived. Like as not she saw the surrender. So it was, the repulsed, but not discouraged, Henry Burton went to the Reverend John Camm and told him how poorly he was makin' out in his wooing of Betsy.

"Now Mr. Camm," said Burton, "the misguided girl says she is going to be a 'Spinster' even though she has no dependent family. I would like to have you, if you don't mind, see Betsy and reason with her and show her what a mistake it will be to waste her life at a spinning wheel for the neighbors, when she can grace Burton Hall."

The kindly parson and college President took on the job of changing Miss Betsy's mind. To do so it was necessary to call upon the patient frequently and to lay before her, in his argument, only as a Doctor of Divinity could and should, those passages of Holy Writ relating to the matter of marriage. In doing this he doubtless used the passages of scripture which advocate marriage, which, by the way, it would be well for all suitors to learn by heart.

Now Betsy, being a religious girl, a member of his church, and a firm believer in the authority, both of the scriptures and the church, was bounden to give close attention to the suggestions, admonitions and instruction of her spiritual adviser.

One beautiful evening, as the Reverend John and Betsy strolled over the "William and Mary" campus, under the countless stars that twinkled down on Ole Virginny, the parson's thoughts

naturally reverted back to the early chapter of Genesis. So to clinch his argument he gave Betsy "Genesis two, eighteen" —

"IT IS NOT GOOD FOR MAN TO LIVE ALONE"

Another day Betsy and the parson sat together upon the marble slab under which sleeps Thomas Ludwell, upon the shady side of the Bruton Church, the Reverend John used the following scripture from Mark ten, six to nine:

> "But from the beginning of the creation God made them male and female. For this cause shall a man leave his father and mother and cleave to his wife; and they twain shall be one flesh; so then they are no more twain, but one flesh. What therefore God hath joined together, let no man put asunder."

And thus the perambulating class in matrimony —or shall I say Domestic Economy—or Theology —or What? went on. After one very agreeable session of pros and cons, mostly cons, the Doctor turned St. Paul upon the fair obstructionist, in First Timothy, chapter four, one to five. No doubt the parson thought, "If words can do it this ought to bring the answer!"

> "Now the Spirit speaketh expressly that in the latter times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits, and doctrines and devils; speaking lies in hypocrisy; having conscience seared with a hot iron; FORBIDDING TO MARRY, and commanding to abstain from meats, which God hath created to be received with thanksgiving of them which believe and know the truth."

This, to be sure, was a new course in Bible study, quite different from anything they had at Cambridge. The Reverend John liked it a lot. Who would not, with such a scholar! Co-education had not yet been invented and become trite, you must remember, and the experience of training "Beauty" instead of the "Beast," in the scriptures was both unique and inspiring. Hence it will not be surprising to learn that as soon as the now much interested Burton advocate and teacher found First Timothy five, fifteen, he hunted up Betsy and they proceeded to the outdoor "class room" above Thomas Ludwell's ashes. Here in due course he laid this convincing scripture before the stubborn Betsy.

> "I will therefore that the younger women marry, bear children, guide the house, give none occasion to the adversary to speak reproachfully."

But Betsy remained obdurate and as unconquerable before the verbal and scriptural battery of the English theologue as were the patriots trained in "William and Mary" class rooms before the army of Cornwallis a few years later. With no doubt a twinkle in the mischievous brown eyes, Betsy again and again declared that Burton-Hansford nuptials were as far out of the question as the Man in the Moon.

It was then the Reverend John Camm made his last argumentative plea—his pleas, by the way, were growing weaker and weaker—and shot his last scriptural arrow. The Bible bolt was in Hebrews, thirteen, four.

"MARRIAGE IS HONORABLE IN ALL"

One balmy evening "Bachelor" Camm and "Spinster" Hansford were having their usual peripatetic recital. The Man in the Moon was smiling his fullest and mellowest upon the Bruton churchyard cedars. Betsy turned to her Virginia edition of John Alden, and with an assumed air of annoyance, that disguised her laughing eyes, cried:

"Now look here, Doctor Camm, for a long while you have been pestering me about Harry Burton. I don't care a rap about Harry Burton

or I would have accepted him long ago without any religious lawyer to plead his case.

"You have been diligently bombarding me with scripture day after day, and I have taken it all in good part. Now I am going to turn the tables and give you some scripture. When you go home look it up. After you have found what it is if you ever mention Harry Burton to me as a suitable husband I will never speak to you or even look at you! You will find my scripture in Second Samuel, twelfth chapter and seventh verse."

And turning on her heel she flew away across the churchyard to her near-by home, apparently in high dudgeon, but really convulsed with merriment.

The Reverend Camm turned toward the college, and going into his library he got his big Bible and turning to Betsy's text read these illuminating words:

"AND NATHAN SAID UNTO DAVID *THOU ART THE MAN*"

I do not have to describe the Reverend John's quick trip to Betsy's home, and what happened when he got there, because human nature was the same in the eighteenth century as it is in the twentieth.

The wedding came along in due course. But the Reverend John Camm, parson and scholar, was such a successful educator and his services so valuable to the college that the Regents did not demand his resignation as President of "William and Mary." The Revolutionary War was brewing and came along a little later.

Professor John Fiske tells this story in his delightful history "Old Virginia and Her Neighbors." Professor Fiske, however, does not go into particulars as I have done.

I tell my young women friends that this story has a great moral for them. That moral is KNOW YOUR SCRIPTURE! When some fine Christian Gentleman, another Reverend John Camm, equipped with all it takes, comes into the picture and makes his way with Bible quotations he can be met on his own ground with his own ammunition!

When you go to Williamsburg, as I hope you may, for Mr. Rockefeller has made it a most charming place to take in on an auto ride, you will visit the old Bruton Church built in 1715.

There you will see the John Camm pew, where the beautiful Betsy, the bride, used to sit. Outside the church, and close up to it is the Thomas Ludwell grave and monument upon whose wide

spreading slab was held the Camm-Hansford Bible Class!

Near by in the churchyard is the Camm burying plot and the "monument." This marker consists of a square of land about 10 feet to a side, surrounded by slabs of granite 10 to 12 inches in section. On one of these pieces of granite are carved the letters C A M M. That is all. No dates, no names, no tombstones.

By the side of this hollow square with its granite frame stands a great tree.

"What kind of a tree is that?" I asked the colored sexton.

"A tall flat cedar," was the reply.

Would you see a magnificent monument to a great company of fine Christian Gentlemen go to Williamsburg and look around you!

XIII

THE CHRISTIAN GENTLEMAN IN BUSINESS

THE company with which the author is connected has invented and manufactured an article of mill equipment. We get our machines to market entirely by half and full page advertisements in trade papers. In these advertisements we sometimes mix business and religion a little bit.

At Christmas time we print an advertisement head "God Bless Us Every One, Lisped Little Tiny Tim." Then follows a homely message of joy and good will, with little or no mention of the virtues of the machine. A copy of the ad is printed below. We have been doing this for some years.

A year or two ago we received from Great Britain one of the finest orders for the factory

equipment we had ever had, and the money accompanied the order, which ran into a considerable sum. The machinery was installed in one of England's finest plants of its sort.

The author expected to spend this summer in which I write in Europe. When our customer learned that Mrs. Ridgway and I were to be in London we were invited to come and spend a fortnight with him in his beautiful home.

"Mrs. M—— will show you all the Shakespeare country in her automobile, as we live in the midst of it," wrote the gentleman.

In this Christmas advertisement we use we have tried to lay in briefly the background for a real sure-to-goodness Christmas story which will be appreciated by all business men who have goods they strive to get to market. But this is only the start of the story.

Last month we got a letter from the engineer who planned and built the great plant mentioned above. He says this:

"Do you know how you came to get this fine order for your equipment? Well, I'll tell you. I had just returned from a long stay in the Far East, and had arrived in Berlin at Christmas time. I was blue, and the most terribly homesick fellow for my wife and little folks there ever was.

"I stepped into the office of a friend and happened to pick up an American trade paper. In turning over its pages, reading the advertisements from the homeland, I came to your wonderful Christmas preachment. It was so homey and natural and human and kindly. Between all the lines I could read such a volume of good old United States Christmas joy, good will and fellowship, that right then and there Christmas joy came to me out of that advertisement of yours. So it happened that when, years later, I had this big plant to plan and put up I remembered Ridgway and his Christmas sermon of joy and good nature.

"I said to myself, 'There's a fellow I'll bet is no mere swivel chair Christian, but is up and out and on the job. I'll bet he knows how to make a machine as good as his advertisement.' Although I have never seen you, I do not think I am wrong in my guess,—now, am I?"

Folks who spend money for advertising may be interested to know that it took fifteen years for that advertisement in that American trade paper that went to Berlin to "bring home the bacon." And that is not slang either, for the plant in question is one of England's greatest meat packing houses. There are several morals from this true

Christmas story. One of them is "Wear your religion on your sleeve where folks can see it."

Here is the Christmas advertisement:

"GOD BLESS US EVERY ONE"

Lisped Little Tiny Tim—and what better greeting for you and for us at this happy Christmas time?

How the time gets away. Only yesterday it was last Christmas. We are getting old! Since we wrote our first Christmas advertisement years ago, we have come through three "panics" and two wars and have become grizzled and bald. How is it with you, old man?

Yes, the time flies. That youngster skylarking around here the other day as the "last cub" is now a serious journeyman with wife and babies. That good jour. has become the foreman. The foreman stands in the superintendent's shoes, and the hustling superintendent has become the "Old Man." The downy-lipped junior has moved his traps to the desk in the inner office, and the Grand Old Seniors, gentle voiced and gentle mannered (fine Christian Gentlemen) who founded the business and built it up for you lay down their splendid work and go to their Long Home. Let us remember and appreciate them just a little bit at Christmas.

With men, so with things. The passing

years establish the machine of merit. The good thing of this year becomes the Old Reliable of next year. No, sir, not a word about business. Why, Boy, it's Christmas!

But say, Brother, you and I, who have talked together every Saturday for a whole year—yea, for many whole years—are we not greatly blessed that this joyous Christmas time finds us here happy and prosperous? If our machines have made you happy, your many orders have made us prosperous. We have spoken our Little Piece week after week, dear knows, poor enough sometimes, but always the best we could, and you have so patiently listened to us, believed we told the truth, and sent us your orders, and said nice things about us, and ——

Oh, well, we were just thinking how nice it is we have been able to be thus mutually helpful and useful to each other. This is the true secret of a Successful Life, after all, isn't it? This is what the CHRISTMAS MAN came to do.

And we wonder if it is not a good idea to stop once a year and lovingly think of these things.

XIV

THE CHRISTIAN GENTLEMAN "AT HOME"

The *Philadelphia* Sample

THE late Mr. Benjamin B. Comegys was one of the finest Christian Gentlemen I have known. He was President of the largest bank in the city of Philadelphia. He was also a Director of the Pennsylvania Railroad and was head of the Board of City Trusts, which manages the great Girard Estate and other Trusts left to the city. He had a lovely home in West Philadelphia.

This home has in it a magnificent library filled with choice editions, and many books which he spent many years in illustrating. Some of these books with their rare pictures must be of great value to book collectors.

In addition, the great house is filled with most beautiful and lovely antiques, gathered from all over the world, both in porcelains and in silver.

The family consisted, at the time of this incident, of Mr. and Mrs. Comegys and three daughters, Miss Clara, Miss Mary and Miss Amy.

I had met Mr. Comegys in his bank, in a church and Sunday school connection. He had for many years been a Sunday school teacher, and a very excellent one. He was an authority on St. Paul.

One day he invited me to come to his home and take dinner and meet his family. I arrived there and had the pleasure of meeting the ladies, who afterward became my very dear friends as they lived.

When we came to the dinner in the beautiful dining room, the furniture consisted of rare old pieces of mahogany. All the chinaware in sight, on the table, in cabinet or upon the wall, were choice pieces.

The table furnishings were the finest old lace, and the silver was made up of choice pieces of old Dutch—the spoons with windmills and other devices on the handles of them.

The plain fellow from the country felt somewhat overawed by these unusual surroundings,

and I no doubt showed my embarrassment in my bearing and face.

One of the ladies, probably noticing this, said, "Mr. Ridgway, I hope you will make yourself perfectly at home in our little family circle, because while this is the first time we have ever seen you we have heard father speak about you so frequently and to such an extent—and besides we have read your letters—that we feel you are no stranger to us at all, and do not want ourselves to be as strangers to you. So make yourself perfectly at home."

"Miss Clara," I replied, "when I came in here and found myself surrounded with all these lovely choice old things which you have gathered from everywhere and brought together in this wonderful collection, I must confess that I did feel somewhat strange and out of place. However, a little thing has happened at the table here that has put me at my ease and made me feel perfectly at home."

They looked up very much surprised and there were five inquiring faces looking at me, waiting to see what it was that had happened which changed my trembling timidity to one of calm hominess.

I pulled up the napkin which had been left at my plate, and which I had put down in my lap.

When I held it up to view it was discovered to be a veritable monogrammed linen rag!

The ladies all gave a gasp and a little squeal, and the one nearest me reached for the napkin.

"Oh no," I said, "you can't have this. This is the kind of a napkin I sometimes get at home, and I am glad to see you city folks who live here in all this beauty and magnificence are just the same, pretty much, as we folks who live out in the country."

This, of course, broke the ice, and we had a very delightful jolly dinner party. The members of the family, as long as they lived, were my dearest friends.

When I was entertained at future dinners I was always told, "Your napkin has passed Amanda's inspection and is in working condition." (Amanda being the long time family below stairs potentate!)

The laundress, when she had come to this napkin, had ironed it so that the good side, with the big initial, would be on top, and by one of those perversions of fate which nobody has ever been able to understand or explain, it is the company who is always sure to get the torn napkin, just as they are sure to get the nicked cup and cracked glass.

The *Washington* Sample

The Hon. B. F. MacFarland, one of the nation's Christian Gentlemen, was head of the Commissioners of the city of Washington, D. C.—his position was the same as that of the Mayor of any other city. Mr. MacFarland occupied this position for about ten years. He was famous as a speaker and was one of the founders and leading spirits of the famous Gridiron Club of his city.

Upon one occasion he was to come to Coatesville to make an address for me. It became my pleasure to entertain him. Mrs. Ridgway had to go away that day, and when I came home in the afternoon to get ready for my guest, I found on my bedroom door a sheet of foolscap paper, held in place by a hairpin stuck in a shrinkage crack in the panel.

On this sheet of foolscap were plainly lettered these words:

SHUT YOUR BUREAU DRAWERS
PUT YOUR CLOTHES IN THE CLOSET
HANG UP THE TOWELS IN THE BATH ROOM

I laughed and made my toilet and obeyed the "Boss's" directions.

I went to the station to meet Mr. MacFarland and brought him home. I showed him into the "Angel Room," and said, "Now MacFarland, make yourself entirely at home and do what you like. There is nobody in the house but you and I, and the maids."

As I left the guest room I noticed again the foolscap sheet hanging on my door, and I went back and said, "MacFarland, come over here, I want to show you something."

I led him up to the door and he read:

SHUT YOUR BUREAU DRAWERS
PUT YOUR CLOTHES IN THE CLOSET
HANG UP THE TOWELS IN THE BATH ROOM

MacFarland turned around with a grin and said, "Gee! Ridgway, you certainly know how to make a fellow feel at home."

In the course of one of the addresses I make showing how after all most folks are more or less of the same sort, I often tell of this incident.

When I do, all over the audience I am amused to notice women nudging their husbands. I call attention to the fact that men, after all, at heart are much alike.

XV

THE END OF A CHRISTIAN GENTLEMAN

I was at the funeral of one of the most outstanding men of the city of Chester, Pennsylvania. The Governor of the State was there, as were Judges, county officials and leading citizens. It was a Quaker funeral at which any one moved by the Spirit was welcome to speak. The attendance was so large there was no room in the house, and I stood outside near an open window.

Presently there was a Voice which spoke as follows:

"I am a school teacher and I teach boys. As every one knows, a schoolroom is rather a bare sort of a place. The walls carry little or no decoration, and for the most part are taken up

with blackboards. The seats are hard chairs or benches.

"When the boys would come into the class room there was noise and rough play; there was pushing and shoving and elbow jabbing, and tickling on the neck and ears, a regular parade of the bubbling life of youth—a drove of young colts."

I might say in passing that I once heard a talk by the late Professor Houston. Professor Houston was one of the inventors of the modern dynamo. Professor Houston with Professor Thompson, a fellow educator, along with Mr. Coffin, the shoe manufacturer of Lynn, were the founders of the great General Electric Company. Old electricians will remember the Thompson-Houston machines.

Professor Houston was famous for the superior way in which he could handle a large company of boys. He was Chairman of the Boys Work Committee of the Philadelphia Y. M. C. A. When I asked him the secret of his success in managing boys he told me when he got a group of them together he always managed to get as far away from neighbors as possible, and then he would have them throw up the windows and say:

"Boys, now let's see how loud you can shout and yell."

For five or ten minutes he would let them "blow off steam," and then he would close the windows and the boys, having expended their surplus energy in noise and rough house, would settle down to the serious business of the meeting.

This interlude is what flashed into my mind when the Voice was describing the way his boys always came rollicking into his classes.

"One day," continued the Voice, "an artist came and said he had painted a picture of his idea of a truly beautiful woman, and he asked if he might hang it on the class room wall until he disposed of it. The picture was hung, and it was truly beautiful. The artist had painted a face such as one dreams might be found on an angel. The speaking eyes were so skillfully painted that they followed you wherever you moved in sight of the picture; the cheeks had on them all the bloom of youth, and a smile rested upon the lips. It was a masterpiece of beauty.

"As the boys came into the class room their eyes went up to the picture, and they seemed less unruly that day and every day. As they came in instinctively their eyes went up to the picture, and day after day, as I sat in my chair at my desk, I saw the silent influence of that picture on the bearing of the boys. And I might add that its

influence was not lost on the teacher. With that lovely picture watching over them the boys came into the class room and took their seats like little gentlemen.

" Then one day as we came in the eyes went up to the place where the picture had hung. But there was no picture. The artist had come and taken the picture away.

" In the absence of the picture it did not seem like the same class room. The boys were restless. There was a scraping of the feet; there was coughing, and while it was a sunshiny day outside the room seemed to be gloomy. The lost influence of the picture made different boys of us.

" Now, my friends," said the Voice, " what one of you would for a minute believe that the artist took that picture away that he might destroy it? There is not a person within the sound of my voice, I care not whom he might be, who for a minute believes the picture was removed for annihilation. Today that picture is gracing some home of culture and refinement with its loveliness, or it is hanging in some gallery where it can inspire other artists to paint beautiful pictures.

" So this is the way it has been with this Christian Gentleman to whom we are paying our last

honors today. He has gone from us, and this ' class room ' of ours, which we call our world and our life, is all the darker for his going, but he has not been destroyed. We have the scriptures to tell us that in our Father's House are many mansions, and like the charming picture of the ideal woman, now hanging in the lovely home of its owner, so our friend is forever with his Lord in the mansion that was prepared for him, and which is prepared for all of us in our Father's House."

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